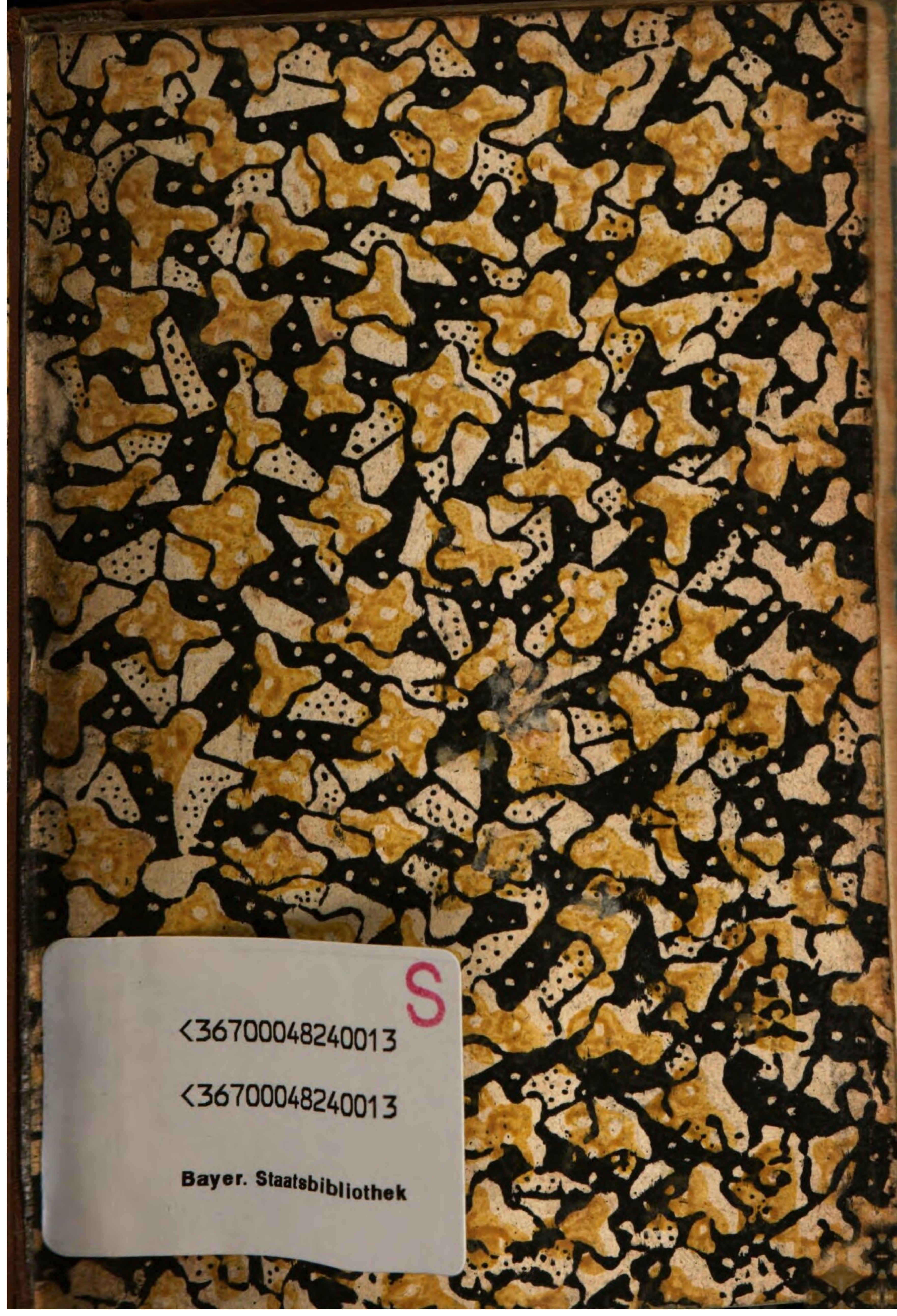








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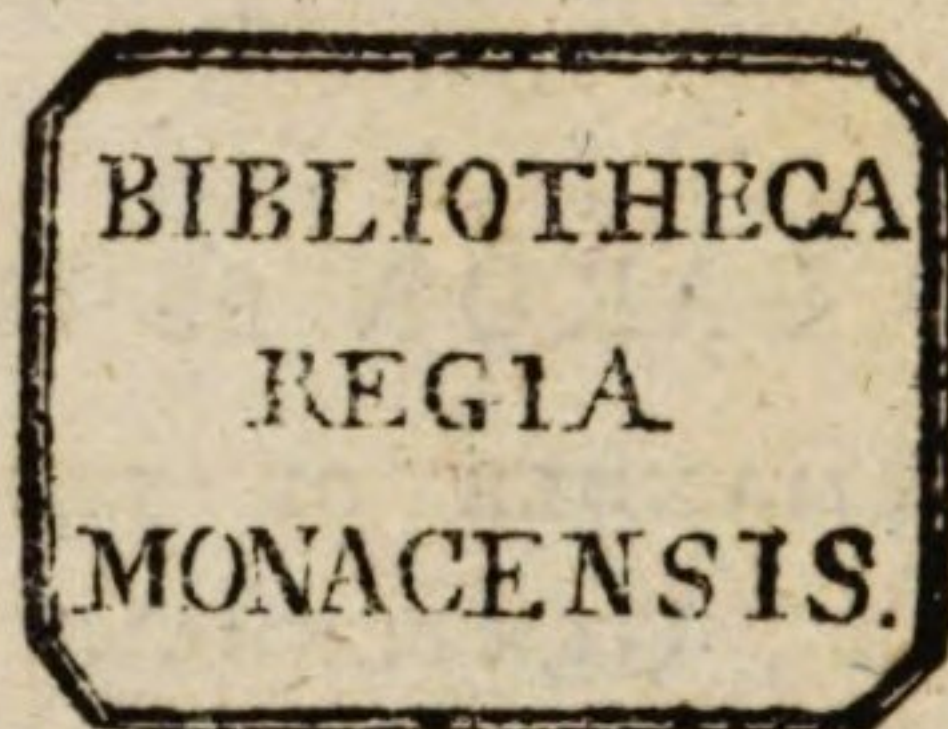
P O E M S
O F
O S S I A N
L A T E L Y D I S C O V E R ' D

B Y
EDMOND BARON DE HAROLD,
COLONEL COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT
OF KONIGSFELD, GENTLEMAN OF THE BED
CHAMBER OF HIS MOST S. H. THE ELECTOR
PALATIN, MEMBER OF THE GERMAN SOCIETY
OF MANHEIM, OF THE ROYAL ANTIQUARI-
AN SOCIETY OF LONDON, AND OF THE
ACADEMY OF DUSSELDORF.

DUSSELDORF
BY JOHN CRETEN DÆNZER

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BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E P O E M S

DISCOVER'D BY

EDMOND BARON DE HAROLD,
Gentleman of the bed Chamber, and Colonel Comman-
der of the Regiment of Konigsfeld, in the Service
of his M. S. H. the Elector Palatin.

The great Approbation, which the Poems given to the Public by Mr. Macpherson have receiv'd, induc'd me to enquire whether any more of this kind of poetry subsisted. My endeavours woud have been fruitless had I expected to find complete pieces, for none such certainly exist: but in searching with assiduity and care, I found, by the help of

my friends, several fragments of old traditional songs, which were very sublime, and particularly remarkable for their simplicity and elegance. I compil'd these fragments, which are the more valuable as the taste for this species of ancient poetry every day decreases in the country, and that the old language threatens visibly to be soon extinguish'd, for it looses ground in proportion as the english tongue becomes predominant, the progress of which is very sensible to any person who has been occupied in disquisitions of this nature. From these fragments I have compos'd the following Poems. They are all founded on tradition; but the dress they now appear in is mine. It will appear singular to some that Ossian, at times, especially in the songs of Comfort, seems rather to be an Hibernian than a Scotchman, and that some of these poems formally contradict passages of great importance in those handed to the public by Mr. Macpherson,

especially that very remarkable one of Ewir-allen, where the description of her marriage with Ossian is essentially different in all its parts from that given in the former poems. I will submit the solution of this problem to the public. I am interested in no polemical dispute or party, and give these poems such as they are found in the mouths of the people; and do not pretend to ascertain what was the native country of Ossian. I honor and revere equally a Bard of his exalted talents were he born in Ireland or in Scotland. It is certain that the Scotch and Irish were united at some early period: That they proceed from the same origin is indisputable; nay I believe that it is prov'd beyond any possibility of negating it, that the Scotch derive their origin from the Irish. This truth has been brought in question but of late days; and all ancient tradition, and the general consent of the Scotch nation, and of their oldest historians

agree to confirm the certitude of this assertion. If any man still doubts of it, he will find, in Macgeogehans history of Ireland, an entire conviction, establisht by the most elaborate discussion, and most incontrovertible proofs.

I must again observe that the reader will find a very essential difference between these Poems and those of Mr. Macpherson. In his there is no mention of the Divinity: In these the chief characteristic is, the many solemn descriptions of the Almighty Being, which give a degree of elevation to them, unattainable by any other method. It is worthy of observation how the Bard gains in sublimity by his magnificent display of the power, bounty, eternity, and justice of God: and every reader must rejoice to find the venerable old warrior occupied in descriptions so worthy his great and comprehensive genius, and to see him freed from the

imputation of Atheism with which he had been branded by many sagacious and impartial men. One of the poems (Lamor) is of a more ancient date than that of Ossian: That of Sitric must be plac'd in the 9th. century. — It will perhaps not be entirely useless to inform the public that I labor'd under many difficulties in collecting the materials of these poems, and that I have written them far from my native country, from which I have been absent almost since my infancy, which subjected me to many essential difficulties in this undertaking: to the candid this will have some weight, and induce them to overlook or pardon the inaccuracies of language, which may have escap'd me especially in a work of so great length: to these who are not so, any thing I can say or write in their favor will be but little attended to. — If they please men of taste. I shall be fully paid for all the trouble, labour and time, spent upon them. At any

rate, I will enjoy the satisfaction of being
assur'd that my intentions were pure in
writing them, as they are entirely calcula-
ted to promote humanity, Valor, and
Virtue.

PREFACE TO MY COUNTRY.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say any thing concerning the following Poems. If they have merit, and please my country, my intention and warmest wishes will be attain'd. If they have a contrary fate, any thing I can write in their favor will not be admitted or minded. The great reputation some similar Poems have obtain'd, induc'd me to attempt something of the kind. The concise, nervous style of descriptive poetry carries the soul irresistibly away when treated with spirit, and due regard to nature. These Poems tho founded on tradition, are entirely of my composition. This acknowledgment I owe my Country, and must equally submit to bear any blame they may deserve, as I should be desirous to see them well receiv'd.

Dusseldorf the 1st. Novembre

1786.

E. BARON DE HAROLD,

Colonel of the Reg. of Königsfeld in the
service of his Most Serene Highness
the Elector Palatin &c. &c. &c.

O N O S S I A N.

When Homer sings he fires our souls to arms,
 His daring Muse delights in dire alarms:
 Who must not blame his Chiefs for e'er at odds,
 His fierce Achilles, and his wrangling Gods.
 The force of art in Maros lines we find,
 They please, but faintly captivate the mind:
 The soul rejects his ever weeping Chief,
 His tedious prayers, and his tedious grief.
 But Ossians song, devoid of muse or art,
 Exalts the soul, and melts the roughest heart.
 The voice of Nature dictates ev'ry line,
 In ev'ry thought unequall'd beauties shine.
 What hero can with Fingals worth compare?
 What Maidens vye with the soft Celtic fair?
 What Painters hand can draw such pleasing
 scenes?

Rocks, woods, and streams, and vales, and
 heathy plains

In wild luxuriance strike our wond'ring eyes:
 Through ev'ry cloud some wand'ring spirit flies.
 Such solemn pomp, the warrior bard alone,
 In strains unrivall'd to the world has shewn.

Read him, ye Fair! he teaches virtuous love,
 His tender notes must tender bosoms move.
 Read him, ye warriors! his bold songs inspire
 The heroes valor, and the Patriots fire.
 Read him, ye Poets! with peculiar care,
 His songs have precepts for the heart and ear.
 The Celtic bard each excellence displays,
 The more you'l read, the more you'l praise
 his lays.

*On the Poems discover'd by Ed. Baron de Harold
 address'd to him by his Friend L. N.*

Times ruthless scythe had almost mow'd away
 Each ancient song, each Celtic Poets lay.
 Wrapt in Oblivion slumber'd many a Bard,
 Their notes neglected, and their strains unheard.
 But wak'd by thee the Bards new life obtain,
 Rehearfe their Songs, and chant their lays again:
 Again they strike the old Hibernian Lyre,
 Again call forth their pow'rs, and latent fire.
 Rais'd to new life old Ossian breaths once more,
 Once more he carols as in days of yore.
 O happy days! when val'rous heroes strove,
 To shine in arms, to vye in song aud love.

When virtuous deeds alone promoted fame,
And Vice was blasted with eternal shame.
When maidens, glowing with celestial charms,
Were doom'd to bless the bravest warriors arms.
Then pow'rful Nature led the bards along,
Bade them to sweep the harp and raise the song.
Like Joves bold bird, they wing'd their flight
on high,
Soar'd in the clouds, and launch'd into the sky.
Much commendation to these Bards is due,
Nor less to thee whose Pains their songs renew.
Both, you, and they, deserve our equal praise,
They sung, you found, and dress'd anew their
lays.

L. N. B.

On Ossian by B. G.

Long hid in shades great Ossian lay unknown,
Like his old heroes tombs with moss oergrown.
Like them his works had felt the tooth of time,
Scorn'd, and unvalued in his native clime.
Few learned men his ancient language knew,
Fewer had skill to clothe his songs anew.
But thou, my friend, with unremitting pains,
Hast taught the learn'd to prize his Celtic strains.

Freed from his antique garb he now appears,
Pure, and unfully'd by the rust of years.
Once more the Bard in native beauty shines,
Each polish'd Nation now admires his lines.
Ev'n Albions sons commend his lofty lays,
And wondring Europe crowns his head with
bays.

Each nation strove the first in wit to reign.
Each vy'd the palm of genius to obtain.
Greece boasted Homers Poems to the skies,
Rome said her Maro best deserv'd the prize.
Albion pron'd Milton, Spain her Lopez prais'd,
Germania Klopstock, Gallia Voltaire rais'd,
But all agrée that Ossian melts each heart,
And rules victorious tho' untaught by art;
For nature speaks thro' him, and breaths and
acts each part.

B. G.

On Ossian by F. C.

No more shall Grecian, or shall Roman lays,
Attract alone our wonder, and our praise.
Our native Bards, inspir'd with equal fire,
With equal strength have swept t'Hibernian lyre.

Self bred, and nurtur'd in the true sublime
 Almighty genius owns no pow'r of clime.
 Pathetic music, tho' untaught by art,
 Softens the soul, and sooths the hardest heart.
 Thus Ossians lay each feeling bosom warms,
 And fills th'enraptur'd soul with purest charms.
 Now in soft notes he smoothly glides along:
 Now warlike actions animate his song:
 In tender strains he now loves accents pours,
 Now sings of arms, and like a torrent roars.
 Atlength high soaring on exulting wings,
 Of future times and Gods great Pow'r he sings:
 From his full soul prophetic accents flow,
 And all his notes with heav'nly ardor glow.
 Blest be the man who brought his lays to light,
 And sav'd his songs from everlasting night.
 Without thy labours all his worth were vain,
 His strains in deep oblivion still had lain.
 Unknown, unheeded, Erins mighty Bard
 Were still forgotten, still his voice unheard;
 To thy translation Ossian owes new fame,
 You share his honors and his deathless name.

F. C.

DEDICATION
TO THE HONORABLE
HENRY GRATTAN ESQ^R.

S I R!

The permission you have given me to dedicate the following Poems to you, deserves my highest acknowledgment and thanks, and gives me a certitude of their being well receiv'd by my Country, as they are handed to it under the auspices of a man, who has procur'd it so many advantages, to whom it has so various obligations, and to whose eloquence, steady courage, and unparalleled zeal it owes the happiness of its present situation, and future apparent greatness. You was pleas'd to say that these poems inspir'd Valor, wisdom, and virtue. Who then should patronize them more than that generous Patriot, so eminent, so distinguish'd for these exalted qualities.

Liberty gives such strength to the soul of man, ennobles and augments its powers to so high a degré, and even operates upon the external form so visibly, that I dare affirm you have totally regenerated your Country, and that its genius, long, alas too long oppress'd, and cramp'd, will

shoot up, and tower again to heaven, under the favorable circumstances, you have contributed to place its sons.

Long have our neighbours enjoy'd, the pleasing, the flattering ideal prerogative of superior genius. The habit of command, the pride, the lust of empire fascinated their judgment. It was deem'd culpable to presume that any man, out of their isle, could write elegantly, or think nobly; but heaven lent GRATTAN to his long oppressed land: inflam'd with general benevolence, and universal philanthropy, he said. "Let prejudice for ever cease." — England, Scotland, Ireland reply'd. "Let prejudice for ever cease." —

As I am entirely persuaded that this happy revolution has taken place, and that wisdom and virtue reign in our new regenerated land, I offer these ancient monuments of our Ancestors to my Country, and dedicate them to you my friend, who have so well deserv'd, so much labour'd in its interest. — I am with the most profound respect, friendship and esteem

Most honor'd Sir,

Your most humble most obedient
and most devoted Servant

Ed. Baron de HAROLD, Col.

THE

THE SONGS
OF
TARA.

The Argument.

It was the practice of the ancient Celts at their solemn meetings, especially if they intended to honor a stranger in an extraordinary manner to order their Bards to sing their best compositions before him. This poem is remarkable on account of Lamins song. The common opinion is that he chose this occasion as the most proper, when many chieftains were assembled at the palace of the supreme Monarch at Tara, to communicate to them the sublime notions of the Divinity, which he himself had learn'd from the Culdées.

It is said the effect it had at that time was wonderful, and that many were enlighten'd by this means. It is certain that the numbers and cadence are very solemn and awful. The description has much of the eastern style, and a great tincture of that magnificence so much and so justly admir'd in the books of Job.

THE SONGS OF TARA.

Daughter of Toscar I hear a voice, it rolls
pleasant along Ossian's soul. It is the lovely
voice of Spring, mildblushing daughter of the
circling year. Her fragrant breath enlivens the
grove. With willing haste the young leaf obeys
her call. He rears his green head to the breeze,
and greets her gentle sway. Flow'rs shoot up
under her lightly gliding feet. The lark, soar-
ing on his quivering wing, proclaims, in joyful,
tremulating notes, the fair ones kind approach.
The thrush, with louder pipe, perch'd on the
summit of yon lofty oak, bids every songster
of the grove pour forth his grateful notes.
Shall Ossian alone not sing?

Maid of Lutha bring me my harp. The
days of youth beam in my soul; days when
I contended in song with the bards of Erin, in
Taras royal halls.

Artho *) reach'd the shell of Joy. He bade
his Bards awake the song from all their tuneful

*) The supreme Monarch of Ireland.

strings , to honor Fingals son , the first of Morvens race. —

Caril begun the lay. His voice was harmonious as the murmur of a brook, when bubbling it slides down the hill thro' moss-covered pebbles and grass. He sung the song of Dathi. It was sad' but lovely. We bended from our seats to hear the Bard, for graceful was Caril in the locks of youth, mild the soft accents of his tongue.

C A R I L.

Pale, unbefriended, forlorn, I lie in this lonely vale. My feet are waried and torn. The passing blast whistles thro my floating hair. It seems to say as it flies. "Why art thou here in thy tears? Why wanderest thou thus in shades?" — The cold damp dew descends from the hill. The shower of night is on my waried limbs. Come, Felan come! from thy dusky cloud, haste to thy Dathis help: hasten and relieve her in her woe.

Thou wast lovely in the eyes of Dathi. Thou appearedst amongst the sons of Erin like

the swan stately rider of the waves amongst the inferior fowls of the lake. I was in the prime of my days when I saw thee returning from the first of thy wars. Thou borest the shield of a vanquish'd foe. Thy arms blaz'd gleaming to the sun. The helm nodded dreadful over thy manly brow. Thy gait was grave and majestic. Valor flow'd from thy large rolling eyes. Terror seiz'd my trembling heart; but it was the terror of joy. It was painful, yet pleasing to my soul. For the light of youth cover'd thy face, and love had enter'd my heart. I sunk faint among my maids. Thou sawst, and flewst to my aid. "Dathi," thou saidst, "I am no foe. I am a friend of thy race. Receive this homage from Felan. Receive this pledge of his love. I tore it from a foe of Erin." — I open'd my swimming eyes. I saw thee bending at my feet. My fluttering heart beat high. Swift burning blushes cover'd my face. I swoon'd away in thy arms. Ah why did I not die at that hour! Why not vanish like the morning mist which the sun dispells in his strength, and rolls away from the brow of the hill.

Semath young hunter of roes, sad announcer of woeful tales, why didst thou speak of his fall? Why didst thou tell of his wound? I still might have hop'd his return. I might still think he stray'd on the hill, or wander'd in the winding vale. Where shall I find thee, my love, to bathe thy wounds with my tears! Dathi will wipe them with her hair. Dathi will cleanse them from blood. — Ha! who art thou who comest thro' these shades? Approach not, I am a weak maid, benighted, faint, and alone. — Ha, is it you my love! Art thou here my gentle Felan? Come and assist thy Dathi! —

She stretch'd forth her eager hands. Her attempts were in vain to embrace the youth. The shade eluded her empty arms. Thrice she essay'd to clasp the form. Thrice it vanish'd from her grasp.

T H E G H O S T.

Dathi, I am a light dweller in Clouds, but my corse lies in yon cave. I fell by Malthas treacherous dart. It reach'd me at the chase of the roe. Maltha came there in his pride. He

bade me renounce to thy love, or Fear the strength of his arm. I laugh'd at his vaunting threats. We fought. My sword descending with force cut his brazen shield in twain. Sul-
len and unarm'd he stood. "Youth of the Fee-
ble arm," I said, "depart to thy distant halls. I will not shed thy blood. Surly, and mut-
tering he strode away. He hid himself in the wood, from thence he shot the dart of death, and opened my unguarded side. — Dathi for thee I was slain. But do not mourn my love. Re-
turn to thy fathers halls. Rear the grey stone of my praise. Let it speak to future times, and tell of the fall'n Felan. Let it tell how he fell in his youth. How he fell in his blood for thy love." —

A blast descended from the hill, and roll'd the fair form away.

D A T H I.

The stone shall be rear'd, o Felan! but one tomb shall enclose us both. No never will I return to Lara, to the sorrowful halls of Phe-
lim. Why should thy Dathi live, and leave thee

alone on thy cloud ! The sun shall rise on the hill. His beams shall pierce at noon to this vale ; but never will I see his light , for thou art dark in the grave. — O grave thou art pleasant to me. Thy silence is wellcome to my soul ! — ”

She rush'd to the dreary cave. She saw the bloody corse of Felan. From her bosom burst forth no sigh. She fell cold upon his bosom and died. — Maltha had watch'd the maid and Follow'd the trace of her steps. He saw her enter the cave. He thought his prey secure. Onwards he sped in the malice of his soul , determin'd to spoil the fair. Twixt wandering clouds appear'd the moon, and shot her beams thro' the clefts of the cave. By her faint light he saw the pale corse on Earth. Backwards, affrighted, and shuddering he fell. His trembling feet seem'd rivited to the rock. His shaggy hair stood erect. His shivering flesh crept upon his bones. His cruel heart struck against his iron breast. One hand cover'd his wild suffering eyes. The other shook extended before him. Suspended in dismay awhile he remain'd. Then

starting from the cave in the terror of his mind, he rush'd into the shades of night.

The maids of Lara frequent this cave, at each revolving year. There they raise the song of woe, and praise the lovely pair. The hunter, when press'd by the shower, retires to its kind retreat. There he blesses the warlike youth, and admires the soft hearted maid. A tear steals down his cheek, and his throbbing sigh breaks forth. When he comes from the chase he relates the tale. His spouse hears their mournful fate. Her children cling round her and weep, and her tears of pity descend. Bards join me to sing their praise, and soothe their ghosts in their clouds. —

CHOIR OF BARDS.

Ye lovely children of Lara may your mansions be happy in your airy halls. Felan forget thy wounds! Dathi forget thy grief! Felan, thou shonest foremost in the fields of blood. Dathi thou wast the fairest of the maids of Erin. —

Then Lamin rais'd the song. Long had he liv'd with the lonely dwellers of rocks; long convers'd with the dark fingers of hymns, the seaborne sons of strangers, and learn'd their solemn lore.

L A M I N.

Thou who givest the Bard the power of song, strong Ruler of the starry skies, awake in my soul the tuneful song, for I will sing of thy praise. I will sing the greatness of thy sway, and the beauty and perfection of thy works. —

“What art thou, proud Sun, thou who rushest thus forth in the glory of thy fiery beams? I see thee pour life along the plain. I see thee dispell from our hills the towering mounds of snow. I see thee break the rivers icy chains, and bid its current flow. Thy genial heat creeps thro' the grove, winds thro the silent vale, ascends the cloud top'd hill, and rushes down the mountain stream. Thou seemest mighty in thy strength; a giant striding thro the vault of the heavens. But stately Sun thou art

nought by thyself. Thou art unactive, steril, and cold. *He who is* mark'd out the trace of thy paths. He gave prolific power to thy beams. He gave warmth and light to thy orb.

Ye Seas that encircle the earth, ye that are so terrible in the wide expanse of your reign, whence do ye derive your power? Unnumber'd armies people your vast deep vales. Your boisterous waves foam dreadful, and seem to threaten the clouds. Who scoop'd the earth to form your bed? Who but the Mighty of days. —

See the enormous Whale how he triumphs in his force. How he rushes impetuous thro' the immensity of waters. With his broad breast he furrows the grey billows, and marks his long winding path. The bursting waves seem affrighted, and recoil at his passage. White carshing foam rolls sweeping along his shining sides. Sporting, and exulting in his strength, he drives whole rivers thro his nostrils. In the rude valor of his ferocious heart he darts uncontroul'd thro' the abyfs of ocean. He knows no superior, and he dreads no equal. With joy he meets the shark, the

seahorse, and the Crocodile, and braves the combin'd force of all his Foes. Nor can they altogether ligued withstand him. The savage pride of his eyes is terror. With the flaunt of his robust sinewy tail he breaks thro' the strongest ribs of oak, and overturns the broadest ship, and plunges the venturous mariner into the briny Abyss. Undismay'd he hears the hoarse voice of thunder. Fearless he sees the flashing blaze of lightning, undisturb'd the wild warfare of the elements. His soul rejoices in the general confusion, and he sports, and bounds, and dances, and exults in the fury of the tempest. — Who gave him this strength? Who but the allpow'rful, the allmighty Lord?

Earth who clad thee with thy green robe? Forests who bade ye rise? Who bade the fragrant bush produce its flowers, and nature smile around? Who form'd the strong breasted Bull? The nervous, stately, couragious steed? The mild bleating sheep? Who but the Great Ruler of All. —

Man, proud, ignorant Man, to him thou owest thy birth. He created all for thee, and

yet thou knowest him not. He form'd thee erect to look up to heaven, to reverence him, and sing his praise. He breathed pity into thy breast. He blew love into thy soul, and bade thee be good, and brave. Follow his dictates, o Man, and happiness shall bless thy days.

Ye Bards, ye who hear my voice, ye know not what I sing. Shades thicker than the dusk of night when clouds, laden with thunder, obscure the moons bright face, cover your erring minds.

Ye will ask what in this Spirit unknown. Think not to comprehend his Being, nor hope to fathom his depth. He grasps infinity in his hand. Eternity serves him as a shield. His breath is allmighty power, and existence flows from his thoughts. He is far beyond your ken. Know that ye are weak, and adore his strength. Know that he is kind, and love his goodness. He is the fountain of mercy; his rewards are without end. He is the source of justice; his punishments never cease. No more is granted you to know. —

He ceas'd. Wonder, terror, and amazement filled our thoughts. Silent I fate. Silent were all the mouths of song. We resembled the unsettled face of the sea, when the loud storm is just hush'd, and not a blast is heard. — At length I burst out in these Words.

“Bard of the dreary tale, why torture our souls with thy song? Why spread dark doubts along our minds? When the shell sparkles in the hall, the warriors song should be rais'd. Our lays should recall the loves of heroes; or the strong deeds of their arms. But thou comest with thy gloomy strains to depress, and embitter our joy. From what source hast thou drawn thy dark words? They are painful as the glaring flash, when it blazes at night in the wanderers eye, and leaves him in deeper shades.

I have heard the tempest roar thro' our oaks, and rend their stubborn trunks. I question'd the furious blast. “Why rushest thou thus in thy rage?

I have seen the mountain tremble and shake,

and rocks tumble down from its shatter'd side.
“Mountain” I said, “Why art thou dismay'd?
What causes thy sudden Fears? — The tempest
fled heedless away. No answer the mountain
gave. Where then hast thou learn'd thy tale?
Why kill our blifs with thy lays? —

Thus we sung in the halls of Tara in the
days of my youth, when my thoughts were
light and unfix'd, and darkness as yet cover'd
my soul. Maid of Lutha the wasting hand of
time has ting'd my hairs with grey. My eyes
are grown dim and faded: but the beams of all
penetrating truth have enlighten'd atlength my
clouded heart. —

Great Being I now hear thee in the breeze.
Now I see thee in the mild falling shower. Now
I feel thee in the sunny beam. Fill all my soul
with thy love. Raise all my heart to thee.
Harp of Cona sound his praise. Maid of Lutha
join thy voice. All Nature praise thy Lord. I
have wielded the spear of war. Foes fell be-
neath the flash of my blade. I have sung with
tuneful Bards, they prais'd the sweetness of

my song; but I have found at length that the boasts of Mankind are vain. Years have enfeebled my arm; They have rob'd me of the sweetness of my voice; they have left me blindness and pain. I am like the blasted tree of the desert, whose leaves are all wither'd and fallen, whose aged trunk is spoil'd and decay'd: Once it rear'd its green head in the clouds, and spread its large branches afar, and serv'd for the wanderers shade; now it is strew'n on earth, and lies neglected and despis'd. But my All shall not perish and fail. My spirit shall gain new vigor by my death, and fly to the halls of bliss. Let the dark in soul be tortur'd with fears; Ossian dreads not to depart. Lead me to Oscars tomb. He is but gone before us. I feel each day with new joy the lonely place of his abode and the mosscover'd stone of his praise, for I long to dwell with the youth. —

Ah Malvina why this tear. It moistens my hand in its fall. Awake no sorrow in my heart. My soul is now quiet, o Maid! My thoughts ascend to heav'n.

THE SONG
OF
P H E L I M.

The Argument.

It is thought that this song of Phelim, who is said to be one of the bards who had been at the convocation and Assembly at Tara, was sung immediately by him after Lamins solemn hymn on the praise and grandeur of God, and that, struck with the awful truths it contain'd, he broke out into these sublime and fervent ejaculations so consonant to enraptur'd genius.

I obtain'd the materials of this song, a long time after the Songs of Tara were finish'd: but as I did not think it necessary to reform that poem, I imagin'd it at least incumbent on me to communicate this late acquir'd one to the public.

P H E L I M ' S.

S O N G.

What accents reach my suffering ear! A black cloud of terror furrounds me! My soul is lost in the long winding dreary labyrinth of thought. Inextricable mazes spread about me on every side. — Where shall I find a guide to lead my erring steps! Where discover a light to direct me through the dark chaos of doubt, thro the stormy seas of intellectual error! — Eternity! Futurity! ye press, ye load me with woe: ye roll me along in your gulphy waves: Ye dash, ye wreck my trembling soul on the sharp pointed rocks of despair! —

Where shall my foot rest beyond the grave? — On what unknown shore shall I land when my spirit wings its airy flight, when death dissolves my frame? — Shall I then cease to be? Or shall my Being, purify'd by destruction, be elevated to never ceasing existence? —

Can life dwell in death? Or can death further a passage to life and duration? —

O incomprehensible, pleasing, flattering idea! thou bracest the relax'd sinking nerve of fancy! I adopt thee with all thy uncertainty, for thou alone bringest solace to my suffering mind! thou takest away a weight of woe from my lab'ring heart. —

But, o Meditation! thou gloomy disturber of man, thou still preparest more arduous difficulties to my scrutinizing enquiry! — Who gave me Being? — Who, when given, can preserve its duration? —

On all sides I perceive visibly the hand of power, the marks of might impress'd on the various works of nature. I see, I feel, beyond the reach of skepticism, that innumerable things exist, and that order reigns in the vast circle of my perceptions. Whence flows this wondrous order? Whence proceeds this constant, this mighty regulation of active wisdom, and intelligent power? — Who ist, that, amongst the charnels of nature, brings forth constant, never failing reproduction? — Who bids vegetable creation germinate? — Who

directs the whirlwinds wing? Who bids the tremendous Ocean roar? —

Lamin I now own the awful force of thy words. There must be what thou callst a God, and that God, must be as thou say'st, allmighty, eternal, benevolent and just.

Enlighten me, o thou bounteous, powerful God! dispel the shades of ignorance that hitherto darken'd my intelligence; teach me to know thy will: teach me to love and follow thy law. Then as the lofty pine of the hill, whose top was hid in the lazy fog, spreads his broad branches afar, and shines resplendent to heaven, when the rays of the sun pierce the vapor, and disperse the gloomy mist; so shall I tower again in my strength; so shall the light of truth dissipate the gloom, the anguish, and anxiety of my soul.

EVIR - ALLEN

A

P O E M.

The Argument.

This Poem, like many of Ossians compositions, is address'd to his favorite Malvina. The subject of it is his voyage to Ireland, in his youth, where he married Evirallen the daughter of Branno chief of Lego. It differs in many material circumstances from the description given in the 4th. book of Fingal. What to ascribe this to is difficult to determinate, as tradition is very obscure on this point.

E V I R - A L L E N.

A P O E M.

Thou fairest of the maids of Morven, young
beam of streamy Lutha, come to the help of
the aged, come to the help of the distress'd.
Thy soul is open to pity. Friendship glows in
thy tender breast. Ah come and soothe away
my woe. Thy words are music to my soul.

Bring me my once lov'd harp. It hangs long
neglected in my hall. The stream of years has
borne me away in its course, and roll'd away
all my blifs. Dim and faded are my eyes; thin
strew'd with hairs my head. Weak is that ner-
vous arm once the terror of foes. Scarce can I
grasp my staff, the prop of my trembling limbs.

Lead me to yonder craggy steep. The mur-
mur of the falling streams; the whistling
winds rushing thro the woods of my hills;
the welcome rays of the bounteous sun will
soon awake the voice of song in my breast.
The thoughts of former years glide over my

foul like swift fhooting meteors o'er Ardvens
gloomy vales. —

Come ye friends of my youth, ye foft found-
ing voices of Cona, bend from your goldting'd
clouds, and join me in my fong. A mighty
blaze is kindled in my foul. I hear a powerful
voice. It fays, “Seize thy beam of glory, o
Bard! for thou fhalt foon depart. Soon fhall
the light of fong be faded. Soon thy tuneful
voice forgotten” — “Yes I obey, o power-
ful voice, for thou art pleafing to mine ear.

O Evirallen! thou boaft of Erins maids,
thy thoughts come ftreaming on my foul. Hear
o Malvina! a tale of my youth, the actions of
my former days.

Peace reign'd over Morvens hills. The fhell
of joy refounded in our halls. Round the blaze
of the oak sported in festive dance the maids
of Morven. They fhone like the radiant bow
of heaven, when the fiery rays of the fetting
fun brighten its varied fides. They wooed me
to their love, but my heart was filent, cold.

Indifference, like a brazen shield, cover'd my frozen heart.

Fingal saw, he smil'd and mildly spoke:
"My son, the down of youth grows on thy cheek. Thy arm has wielded the spear of war. Foes have felt thy force. Morvens maids are fair, but fairer are the daughters of Erin. Go to that happy Isle; to Brannos grafs-cover'd fields. The daughter of my friend deserves thy love. Majestic beauty flows round her as a robe, and Innocence as a precious veil heightens her youthful charms. Go take thy arms, and win the lovely fair. —"

Straight I obey'd. A chosen band follow'd my steps. We mounted the darkbosom'd ship of the King, spread its white sails to the winds and plough'd thro' the foam of Ocean. Pleasant shone the fire-ey'd Ull-Erin. *) With joyful songs we cut the liquid way. The moon, regent of the silent night, gleam'd majestic in the blue vault of heaven, and seem'd pleas'd to bathe her side in the trembling wave. My soul was

*) The guiding star to Ireland.

full of my fathers words. A thousand thoughts
divided my wavering mind.

Soon as the early beam of morn appear'd
we saw the green skirted sides of Erin advancing
in the bosom of the sea. White broke the
tumbling surges on the coast.

Deep in Larmors woody bay we drove our
keel to the shore, and gain'd the lofty beech.
I enquir'd after the generous Branno. A son of
Erin led us to his halls, to the banks of the
founding Lego. He said, "Many warlike
youths are assembled to gain the dark hair'd
maid, the beauteous Evirallen. Branno will
give her to the brave. The conqueror shall bear
away the fair. Erins chiefs dispute the maid,
for she is destin'd for the strong in arms.

These words inflam'd my breast, and rous'd
courage in my heart. I clad my limbs in steel.
I grasp'd a shining spear in my hand. Branno
saw our approach. He sent the grey hair'd
Snivan to invite us to his feast, and know the
intent of our course. He came with the solemn

steps of age, and gravely spoke the words of the chief.

Whence are these arms of steel? If Friends ye come, Branno invites ye to his halls; for this day the lovely Evirallen shall bless the warriors arms, whose lance shall shine victorious in the combat of valor. ”

“ O venerable Bard, ” I said, “ peace guides my steps to Branno. My arm is young, and few are my deeds in war, but valor inflames my soul: I am of the race of the brave.

The bard departed. We follow'd the steps of age, and soon arriv'd to Brannos halls.

The hero came to meet us. Manly serenity adorn'd his brow. His open front shew'd the kindness of his heart. “ Welcome, ” he said. “ ye sons of strangers; Welcome to Brannos friendly halls, partake his shell of joy. Share in the combat of spears. Not unworthy is the prize of valor, the lovely dark hair'd maid of Erin; But strong must be that warriors hand that conquers Erins chiefs; matchless his strength in fight.

“Chief,” I reply’d , “the light of my fathers deeds blazes in my soul. Tho young I seek my beam of glory foremost in the ranks of foes. Warrior I can fall, but I shall fall with renown.” —

Happy is thy father, o generous youth ! more happy the maid of thy love. Thy glory shall surround her with praise ; thy valor raise her charms. O were my Evir-allen thy spouse, my years woud pass away in joy. Pleas’d I woud descend into the grave: contented see the end of my days. ”

The feast was spread: stately and slow came Evir-allen. A snow white veil cover’d her blushing face. Her large blue eyes were bent on earth. Dignity flow’d round her graceful steps. A shining tear fell glittering on her cheek. She appear’d lovely as the mountain flower when the ruddy beams of the rising sun gleam on its dew cover’d sides. Decent she sate. High beat my fluttering heart. Swift thro’ my veins flew my thrilling blood. An unusual weight oppress’d my breast. I stood, darken’d, in my place.

The image of the maid wander'd over my troubled soul.

The sprightly harps melodious voice arose from the strings of the Bards. My soul melted away in the sounds, for my heart like a stream flow'd gently away in song. Murmurs soon broke upon our joy. Half unsheathed daggers gleam'd. Many a voice was heard abrupt. "Shall the son of the strangers be prefer'd? Soon shall he be roll'd away, like mist, by the rushing breath of the tempest. Sedate I rose, for I despis'd the boasters threats. The fair ones eye follow'd my departure. I heard a smother'd sigh burst from her breast.

The horns harsh sound summon'd us to the doubtful strife of spears. Lothmar fierce hunter of the woody Galmal first oppos'd his might. He vainly insulted my youth, but my sword cleft his brazen shield, and cut his ashen lance in twain. Straight I withheld my descending blade. Lothmar retir'd confus'd.

Then rose the red-hair'd strength of Sulin.

Fierce roll'd his deep sunk eye. His shaggy brows stood erect. His face was contracted with scorn. Thrice his spear pierc'd my buckler. Thrice his sword struck on my helm. Swift flashes gleam'd from our circling blades. The pride of my rage arose. Furious I rush'd on the chief, and stretch'd his bulk on the plain. Groaning he fell to earth. Legos shores re-echoed from his fall.

Then advanc'd Cormac, graceful in glittering arms. No fairer youth was seen on Erins grassy hills. His age was equal to mine : His port majestic; his stature tall and slender, like the young shooting poplar in Luthas streamy vales; but sorrow fate upon his brow: languor reign'd on his cheek. My heart inclin'd to the youth. My sword oft avoided to wound; often fought to save his days: but he rush'd eager on death. He fell — Blood gush'd from his panting breast. Tears flow'd streaming from mine eyes. I stretched forth my hand to the chief. I profer'd gentle words of peace. Faintly he seiz'd my hand. “Stranger,” he said, “I willingly die, for my days were oppress'd with

woe. Evir-allen rejected my love. She fligh-
ted my tender suit. Thou alone deservest the
maid, for pity reigns in thy soul, and thou
art generous and brave. Tell her, I forgive
her scorn. Tell her I descend with joy into the
grave, but raise the stone of my praise. Let
the maid throw a flower on my tomb, and
mingle one tear with my dust, this is my sole
request. This she can grant to my shade. —

I woud have spoken, but broken sighs issu-
ing from my breast interrupted my faltring
words. I threw my spear aside. I clasp'd the
youth in my arms: but, alas! his soul was
already departed to the cloudy mansions of his
fathers. —

Then thrice I rais'd my voice and call'd
the chiefs to combat. Thrice I brandish'd my
spear, and wielded my glittering sword. No
warrior appear'd. They dreaded the force of
my arm, and yielded the blue-ey'd maid. —

Three days I remain'd in Brannos halls. On
the fourth he led me to the chambers of the

fair. She came forth attended by her maids,
graceful in lovely majesty, like the Moon,
when all the stars confess her sway, and retire
respectful and abash'd. I laid my sword at her
feet. Words of love flow'd faltring from my
tongue. Gently she gave her hand. Joy seiz'd
my enraptur'd soul. Branno was touch'd at the
sight. He clos'd me in his aged arms. —

“O wert thou,” said he, “the son of my
friend, the son of the mighty Fingal, then
were my happiness complete.” —

“I am, I am the son of thy friend,” I re-
ply'd, “Ossian the son of Fingal,” then sunk
upon his aged breast. Our flowing tears ming-
led together. We remain'd long clasp'd in each
others arms.

Such was my youth, o Malvina! but alas
I am now forlorn. Darknefs covers my soul.
Yet the light of song beams at times on my
mind. It solaces awhile my woe.

Bards prepare my tomb. Lay me by the

fair Evir-allen. When the revolving years
bring back the mild season of spring to our
hills, sing the praise of Conas Bard, of Ossian
the friend of the distress'd.

S U L M O R A

A

P O E M.

The Argument.

Tradition has deliver'd the story in the following manner and it agrees in its circumstances very nearly with the poem. "Ossian having sail'd from Ireland where he had been on a visit to his father in law Branno, touch'd at the isle of mist, where he found Bragela, the widow of his friend Cuthullin, in a deplorable situation. Sulmora her daughter by Cuthullin was exquisitely beautiful, and many chiefs came from different countries to court her. At last she was captivated by the merit of Flathal, chief of Imore, who by his gentle comportment and graceful figure had gain'd her affection, and a day being fix'd (by Bragelas consent) to celebrate the nuptials, according to the custom of these days, with solemnity, Turthor, chief of Urthor, a Country in Lochlin, came

with a great retinue, under the pretext of rendering the ceremony the more pompous, but in reality to enable him to carry off the fair Sulmora by force, and revenge himself of her flight. This he effectuated the night preceding her marriage, and on that of Ossians arrival. —

The other particulars can be collected from the Poem. At the conclusion the poet breaks off, and bewails his own unhappy situation. He finishes with an apostrophe suppos'd to be directed to a Culdee, or one of the first Christian missionaries, who, flying persecution, took refuge into Morven.

This is the first passage in Ossians Poems where any exact description of a supreme Deity is intimated.

S U L M O R A.

A P O E M.

What lowers over Ossians thoughts! Why float the deeds of other years over my sinking soul! Silent ye wander in darknes. Ye are lost in the dreary womb of night. Lie hid in night ye dusky deeds, like ye my soul is dark. —

Why biddest thou, o daughter of Toscar! that I shoud recal to thy mind the days of my youth! Why sing to thine ear the deeds of heroes! — But thou rejoicest in Ossians voice. My song pours pleasure along thy soul. Thou hearest with delight the sounds of my praise. Hear then my song, thou lovely maid! listen to the actions of thy Oscars father. —

“I rais’d my sails in Larmors bay. My course was through the white foam of Ocean, from Ullins grassy plains. I look’d for Morvens guiding beam. I saw a mighty star *) rushing across the sky, blazing and scattering his fiery

*) Probably a Comet.

hair around. It strode terrific thro' the blue vault of heaven. The little stars were devour'd in its course. Its paths were furrow'd with red glaring flame. It seem'd to menace ruin to the race of men. My soul boded misfortune. My heart was oppress'd; But Ossian felt no fear.

Rough over the surges rush'd the wind of Lochlin. In wild confusion roll'd the bursting clouds. Dreadful, and in rattling peals roar'd the hoarse voice of thunder. Flaming thro the bosom of the tempest flew the forky flash. Thro the dazzling blaze I saw an angry ghost wildly raging in the storm. Furious he strode from cloud to cloud. With his right hand he heav'd the deep. With his left he embroil'd the face of heaven. His flaming eyes scatter'd terror. The sea sunk beneath his steps. The rocks nodded as he mov'd.

It was the ghost of Cuthullin. —

I rais'd my voice. “Son of Semo,” I said, “why affrightest thou thus thy friend? What troubles thy mighty soul? Does danger surround thy race? Speak. — Ossian's sword may prevail.

Fingals son may destroy thy foes. He pass'd without reply; but Joy seem'd to brighten over his dark troubled face.

The winds were laid. The ocean seem'd to sleep. Night reign'd around. —

“Hail Night,” I said, “I greet thy sovereign sway. Thou reignest uncontrol'd and alone. Thou art mighty in thy solemn gloom, when thou coverest the wide expanse of ocean, and addest new horrors to its roar. Thou art terrible in thy greatness, when, across thy shades, the glaring flash bursts from the labring bosom of a cloud, and shews the foam dash'd rocks. Thy coming forth is awful; Thy steps stately and majestic, when slow, thou glidest over the brown heathy plain, and spreadest thy vast veil over the cloud top'd hills and waving woods.

Then recedes the sun from thy face. He flies to his western cave. Then Myriads of twinkling stars adorn thy flowing robe, and the moons mild glimmering beams tinge its wide extended skirts. The streams glisten

faintly thro' their winding vales. A deeper brown verdure is shed over the woods. The rough rocks gleam to heaven. The bewilder'd hunter, rejoices at the sight, and hastens to his booth of rest. " —

The isle of Mist appear'd, and Dunscais lofty walls. I went to the friendly towers. The smoke of the hall was ceas'd No harps soft voice was heard. No son of song came forth. I saw Bragela's Maids. "Where is the daughter of Sorglan" I said. They turn'd away their faces, and wept.

Atlength the reverend Caril came. Sorrow sat upon his wrinkled brow. His steps were short. His voice was broken with sighs. — "Thou comest, o Warrior," he cry'd, "Thou comest to see Bragela's woe. But thou art as the flower, in summer, descending on the parch'd sultry plain: It bids the faded blossom live again, and the half wither'd tree rear its green boughs to heaven. The race of Fingal protects the weak; the injur'd receive comfort from thy sword." —

“What darkens Carils foul? What afflicts the lovely Bragela? She was wont to greet my approach with joy, with the pleasing smile of friendship.” “Joy,” reply’d the bard, “is flown from Bragela. Woe dwells in her aching heart. Sulmora her daughter is torn from her breast. Turthor, Urthors bloody chief, came to Dunscail *) from Lochlin. False pleasure beam’d in his face: but his soul was cruel and dark. He came, he said, to gain the honor of the spear, and grace Sulmoras nuptial day. His attendants were numerous and arm’d. Three days he feasted in the hall. On the fourth he fought with Flathal. But who could withstand the force of Flathal? Turthor was overcome. Fury roll’d in his deep sunk eye. His heart of pride swell’d with despair. The death of the youth was dark in his soul, yet he dissembled his rage. He once had fought Sulmoras love. She rejected the surly chief. His words were rough. His wild looks were odious to her sight. Of nought he spoke but blood and arms. But Flathal, Imors graceful chief, was the secret

*) The place of abode of Cuthullin.

sigh of her breast. Their words in private were pleasant. One was their path in the chase. When at the feast they sung, the mild spirits of the hills descended on their blue curling clouds to listen to their song. Bragela saw their mutual love. She blessed the gentle youth. She promis'd the soft blushing Sulmora. But Turthor rush'd thro' night, he carried off the weeping fair. I hear'd her unavailing shrieks. I saw her disorder'd locks float deshevell'd on the driving blast. I call'd on Flathal and Conloch. They rush'd along like two black clouds laden with baleful thunder. Few are their warriors, O Ossian! and Flathal bears no shield.

“Go, tell Bragela,” I said, “Ossian will rescue Sulmora. Or fall by Turthors arm. — “Sons of echoing Morven, grasp your shining spears! Follow my steps to fight! “Swift we flew along Caruths *) stream. We met the chiefs under Carduffs **) hanging brow. The battle was engag'd. But why shoud I tell Malvina how angry warriors fought! — Flathals

*) a swift and roaring stream.

**) a black rocky Mountain.

sword, unfaithful to his hand, broke short on Turthors helm. He stood unarm'd, and shieldless. Yet he collected his mighty soul. He rush'd in his rage on the foe, but he fell over Sargars corse. Supine on earth he lay.

From Carduffs point Sulmora survey'd his fall: she thought her chief was slain. She fain woud fly. She shriek'd aloud. She wildly stretch'd out her arms. High, over her troubled heart, heav'd her white swelling breast, like foam, on Caruths troubled wave, when its gurgling surges tumble down the rocks and roll their eddies to the shore. She sunk on Wermars *) arm like a blasted flower, when the sultry breeze has bow'd its lovely head, and spoil'd it of its dies.

I stretch'd my shield over Flathal. Turthors spear rush'd thro' its edge. Loud tinkled the brazen orb. Straight he drew his flaming blade. He stood collected in his might, like a hunted boar, the terror of the woods, foaming and grinding his sanguine tuks. His red rolling eye

*) Turthors Chief Bard.

despises danger. Undismay'd he sees the baying dogs. His fury grows at the sight of the hunter. So stood the savage strength of Turthor. We clos'd in fight: he fell in all his blood. —

I gave Turthors sword and shield to Flathal. The battle turn'd. Conloch *) pursued the foe. Turmin strove to bound over Caruths stream. Conlochs spear met him in the air. He tumbled floundering in the waves, like the vast fish of Lochlin, when wounded by the fishers dart he rolls flouncing in death, and reddens the foam of Ocean.

I rear'd aloud my voice. I bade the battle cease. The chiefs obey'd. We hasted to Carduffs top. Sulmora lay on earth. Her soul seem'd departed to the cloudy mansions of her fathers. Down Flathals mournful cheek fell a bursting tear. His loud complaints reach'd her soul. She open'd her half extinguish'd eyes. “Art thou come from thy cloud,” she said. “thou lovely beam of Imor! Pleasant is thy graceful form. O could I wander with thee on the winds, thou

*) Cuthullins son by Bragela.

dweller in my soul. Flathal rais'd the maid.
She sunk upon his breast. She appear'd like the
wan moon of heaven, when after a storm, she
looks thro the rainy clouds of night and mildly
lightens the still trembling vale. She soon reviv'd.
Joy gleam'd over Flathals face.

Let us depart "I said." Bragela's heart is
sad. Affliction must not dwell in her breast." —

Go, son of song, Go Wermar to thy flying
friends. Bid them retire to their fenny lakes.
They are foes of the fair. Pity is a stranger to
their minds. Their thoughts are baleful as the
mist of Lano. Their souls are rough as the
rocks of their land.

Silent, and in grief he strode away. My
heart suffer'd for offending the bard.

We came to Dunscais towers. Bragela saw
our approach. The sound of our steps was plea-
sant to her ear. Great was the joy of her soul.
The joy of her soul was great; for Sulmora
was releas'd, and Conloch had gain'd his fame.

The feast of shells was spread. A thousand

lights blaz'd in the hall. The trembling harps
of Joy were strung. Heart pleasing sounds
mounted to heaven. I sung the heaving breast
of love. I rais'd Sulmoras charms. Flathal thou
wast not forgotten: thy praise was grateful to
the fair.

Caril sung Cuthullins deeds, his warlike
deeds in Erin. He sung the mighty deeds of
Oscar, when Caros fled before his sword. But
he saw the tear stealing from my cheek. He
saw, and chang'd the song. Ah, lovely maid, I
hear thy sigh. Thou feelest Ossians woe. He
has no son to prop his trembling steps; no child
to weep over his grave; no friend to lay him
in his tomb. — I hear your call ye dreary
years. I willingly depart. My memory is lost;
my fame begins to fade.

O Thou who dwellest in the secret cave,
thou son of the distant land, thou hast promis'd
comfort to Ossian: Thy words flame across my
thoughts. They please, yet harrow my soul.
Thou singest of that mighty Power, who ever
was, and ever shall remain: whose thought is

action, and whose Will is birth; whose Word
has form'd the heavens, the earth, and rolling
sea. Thou singest of wondrous times to come,
when the extinguish'd sun shall fall, when the
dim stars shall tumble from heaven, when the
heavens themselves shall fail. Thou speakest of
rewards for generous deeds. Come, thou awful
dweller of the rock! come to my halls. My
soul is now dispos'd for thy song. My aged
heart is loaden with woe.

R Y N O S S O N G

O N T H E D E A T H

O F

O S C A R.

The Argument.

It is imagin'd that this poem was written immediately on the newes of Oscars being murder'd by Cairbre in Ireland. It is one of the poems which has been best preserv'd by tradition. I have carefully follow'd all the inflections of the old Celtic language, in order to perform the promise, I formerly made the public, of giving some further specimen of the prosody and poetic turn of the ancient Celtic Bards.

This Poem tho it bears the name of Rynos song, is generally thought to have been compos'd by Ossian.

RYNOS SONG
ON THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

What dreadful noise affails my ear!

The welkins all in flame.

The screaming wind rushes impetuous thro' the
mountain woods

Prone falls the aged oak, rent from its seat:

The shatter'd pine tumbles groaning from its
airy rock;

The swollen torrent roars foaming down the
side of my grot.

The high branch'd stag starts from his bed of
moss.

Confusion reigns around.

*

Hark louder, and still louder roars the storm.

Blue glaring flashes hiss along the sky.

The fire impregn'd clouds burst in twain:

Hoarse, crashing, rough, and loud, brays the
voice of thunder.

Darkness covers the sun.

The croaking raven sails sideways in the blast.

Sad desolation reigns around.

*

Rattling hail, and driving fleet strike against
my cave.

A flood of rain covers the plain.

See how the blue waves dash against the rocks:

How they mix and roll their troubled foam

With the brown scudding clouds of heaven.

The elements are all at war.

Dreary horror reigns around.

*

But lo! I see a gloomy ghost riding in the storm.

He is of the race of Morven.

Long trails of flame mark the tracks of his feet.

The dancing waves bend their white foaming
heads

As he glides in his rage above them.

Clouds sink under his steps:

They roll, curl, and divide, as he passes.

O Morven some Chief of thy race is fallen!

Some hero of thine is slain in Erin! —

*

Malvina I see thy falling tear.

I see the paleness of thy cheek:

I see the throbbing of thy heart.

I hear

I hear the breeze of Lutha.
It seems to say as it flies.
“The days of thy joys are o’er.” —
Brouze fearless ye roes of Cona!
Tremble no more ye mountain boars!
The young hunter lies welt’ring in blood:
His bow hangs usefess in his hall.

*

Yes the son of thy love is low.
The youth of thy soul is fall’n.
Morvens bravest hero is fallen,
Slain by a traitors hand! —
Tis he who rides on the whirlwinds wing
And drives the storm along.
Tis Oscar, lamenting the loss of his fame,
That scatters thus his terrors around.

*

But why come in a storm to the hills of Ardven!
Thou didst not fall like the leaf in Autumn:
Nor could the foe boast of thy easy defeat:
Thy lance was ting’d with the traitors blood.
Many and glorious were the fields of thy fame.
Morvens rocks shall resound with thy praise.
The bards shall sing thy deeds.

D

The hunter in climbing the hill,
When he sees thy mosscover'd stone,
Shall stop a moment and weep;
And say, "Here lies a hero of the times of old.
Here lies the mighty son of Ossian."

*

Ye Daughters of Morven call forth your tears:
Bemoan the strong warriors fall.
His hand was prompt to revenge your wrongs,
When the sons of Lochlin ravag'd the land.
But see he passes softly away.
His soul is no more inflam'd with rage.
No more he laments the loss of his fame.
The voice of the bard has soothed his mind.
Placid, and calm he now fleets along,
No more strews confusion and terror around.

M A L V I N A
A
D R A M A T I C P O E M.

The Argument.

This Poem is extremely interesting as it conveys an exact notion of the tragic compositions of the ancient Celts. The subject is very fit to raise our feelings to the highest degree of pity and terror. — Malvina, daughter of Toscar was betrothed to Oscar, son of Ossian; and a day was fix'd for the solemnity of their marriage; but newes coming of the murder of Cormac, King of Ireland, Fingal, Ossian and Oscar were oblig'd to depart to avenge his death, and punish the usurper Cairbar. On their arrival Cairbar invites Oscar to a feast. Oscar in conformity to the custom of these heroic times, accepts of the invitation, and is murder'd by this traitor. His body is sent with some Bards, and one of his friends to be buried in Selma.

Malvina, who was at a party of hunting with two female friends, meets the funeral pomp, and discovers the corse of her lover. Her sudden anguish; her broken wailings; her wild emotions of despair, are admirably sketch'd out, and shew how perfectly this exalted genius, in following the dictates of nature, arriv'd at all the height of tragic composition.

M A L V I N A.

A D R A M A T I C P O E M.

PERSONS.

ULLIN. Fingals chief Bard, sent by him from Ireland to convey and bury Oscars body in Selma.

COLGAN. An under Bard.

CATHUL. A friend of Oscar, and a chief of Morven.

MALVINA. Daughter of Toscar, chief of Lutha.

CUTHONA. } Daughter of Sorglan, a chief of
CULMA. } Lutha.

The scene is upon a mountain nigh the sea shore.

M A L V I N A.
A D R A M A T I C P O E M.

C O L M A.

Thou lovely maid of Lutha, wipe away the
tear of sorrow. See the grey morn dawns on
our hills. The thin shades fleet away before
the bright beams of the sun. Let us awake the
resounding woods, and rouse the bounding
roes from their streams.

M A L V I N A.

The chase affords me joy no more. My
hunter, o Colma! is distant far. The winds
lift his fair locks in Erin. Ye gentle gales bear
him my sighs. Let his manly heart flutter at the
thoughts of his love. But why should thoughts
of love employ the hero! My young eagle
soars over his prey. His soul delights in the
clang of arms.

C O L M A.

Thy song is heard no more in Luthas vales.
Its streams bear no more thy sounds along.

Shake off this gloomy cloud of woe. Grief wastes the bloom of beauty. It wans the cheek of loveliness, and few are the days of the mourner. Come, my fair one, bend the yew. Thy bounding dogs court thee to the chase. Thy young lover will soon return from the fields of renown.

MALVINA.

Ah Colma some friend of Malvina is low! Some hero fallen in Erin! Amid the shades of night, when silence reign'd in the hall, and all but Malvina tasted the balm of rest, a mournful voice glided thro the strings of my harp. I rose, but the voice departed. Fear seiz'd my trembling limbs. I thought it was my Oscars voice. I laid me down again. New terrors crowded on my soul. The light tread of death wander'd over the floor. The arms of my father rung on the walls. These are signs of woe. They banish peace from my breast. —

COLMA.

Vain terrors seize thee, o daughter of heroes. They taint thy youthful days. Oscar burns with thy love. I heard the sigh break from the

warriors breast. I saw the tear burst from his eye at his departure. He appear'd sad, but lovely like the setting sun, when sudden rainy clouds obscure his brightness, and partly veil his beauty. He often turn'd; oft sought his blue ey'd maid. Selmas daughters envy'd thy blifs. Blushes cover'd their faces. Stolen sighs rush'd from their swelling breasts. Yet they prais'd the fair hair'd youth, and blessed the happy Malvina. Why then art thou sad my friend. Thy years shall roll away in joy.

CUTHONA, (coming in haste and addressing herself to Malvina.)

Far in the dusky folds of Ocean I spy'd a distant ship. At first it seem'd a gather'd mist, floating like a cloud on the bosom of the waves: it grew swiftly on my eager sight. I saw its gloomy prow cut thro' the foaming surge, and travel towards the clouds of heaven. The Western winds fill'd its outblown sails, and drove it to our coast. I then knew it to be the ship of the King, and came in haste, o Malvina, to bear thee these grateful newes.

B A R D S, (at a distance.)

Woe! Woe to thy towers, o Selma! Woe to thy mournful halls! Pale lies the first of thy youths! Fallen the stern breaker of shields! Woe! Woe to thy towers, o Selma! Woe to thy mournful halls!

U L L I N.

Receive his ghost ye departed heroes of Morven! Receive him in your lofty clouds! The young warrior was strong in arms. He was terrible in fight. His sword was the scourge of the haughty; his spear the prop of the weak. He fell in his youth by a traitors hand. Weep him ye maids of Selma. The pride and glory of your race is effac'd. —

C O L G A N.

Ye fair, strew flowers on his tomb! bathe his grace with your tears. The defender of your beauty is low! The first in the race is fallen! No more shall his steps be seen on Cona. No more shall his arrow pierce the flying hind, or mountain roe. Swift as the eagle of heaven he flew thro the ranks of foes. Like the whale

of Ocean he roll'd his force uncontrol'd along.
 Hosts broke against his shield like waves a-
 gainst the rough sides of a lofty rock. But alas!
 he is fallen. The pride of Ardven is fall'n;
 fall'n by a traitors hand.

MALVINA.

What is this solemn pomp? What sounds
 strike my troubled ear! Ha, they come from
 Erin! These are Fingals bards.

CATHUL, (discovering Malvina.)

How shall I relate the mournful tale, and
 pour grief along Malvinas soul? The youth of
 her love has mounted the clouds. My generous
 friend is no more: but his spear stretch'd Erins
 King at his feet. The traitor Cairbar bled by
 his lance. Swift vengeance follow'd his crime.

MALVINA.

(She is suppos'd to overhear Cathuls discourse.

In the mean time the funeral pomp advances,
 and approaches so near that she discovers
 the bloody corse of Oscar.)

Ah, is the youth of my love no more! This
 is my Oscars corse! Art thou slain my lovely

Oscar! — Ah I see the livid wound of his breast! — Speak to me my love! Speak to thy forlorn Malvina! — Ah he is dead! My lovely Oscar is dead! — How didst thou fall my love! — Who could have slain the mighty Oscar! Ah speak! — He is silent! — for ever silent. — Oscar, my gentle Oscar is dead! — Woe to my sorrowful days! Woe to my aching soul. — But see he winks from his bright sided cloud, and prompts me to mount the winds. — Yes I will follow thee my love. Thy cold, dark grave shall soon contain my sad remains. Ah rush on ye ghosts of my fathers. Rush on with the wings of tempests. Bear me away to my Oscar.

CATHUL.

Hasten ye maids of Lutha: haste to Malvinas aid. See, see she faints, she falls. Bear her away from the sorrowful sight of her love. Call back her fainting strength! The bitter shafts of woe have pierc'd her tender heart. Grief, like the red glaring meteor that shoots thro the dark cloud of a storm, darts across her gloomy soul.

COLMA.

Luthas fairest flower is faded. The parching breath of the south has pass'd over its lovely head, and wither'd its blooming beauty. Come, o Cuthona, come, and assist the unhappy Malvina.

CUTHONA.

Come lay her softly down at the foot of yonder mossy rock, where the refreshing breeze, and cooling stream, may settle her ruffled soul. There let us seek to sooth her anguish, and blunt the edge of sorrow. —

Ah why art thou absent, o Ossian! why absent in the day of her grief. Thy song would lull her stormy soul to rest: thy words appease her woe.

CATHUL.

Veil thy light, o Sun! in thy clouds. Let darkness cover these mournful scenes! O Selma the pride of thy youth is fallen. The wings of thy young eagle are lopt away. Weep ye gentle maids! but weep in silence, lest the King of the world rejoice in our loss, and

come to ravage our hills. O King of the world
he humbled thy pride. He drove thy foaming
steeds from our land. Thou too, o Caros of
ships, thou trembledst at his sight. Thou cree-
pedst inglorious behind thy mounds, nor daredst
to face his steel. Lochlins sons felt his force.
The faithless Cormalo bled beneath his lance.
His voice was thunder to the foe: his arm
strong as the mountain torrent when sudden
rains swell its foaming stream, and bear it im-
petuous to the vale. It breaks the opposing dams,
roars triumphant in its course; and roots away
the lofty groves and oaks.

Raise ye Bards the song of woe: Give his
soul to the winds. Send the young warrior to
the airy mansions of his fathers.

CHOIR OF BARDS.

Descend ye warrior ghosts of Morven!
descend on your rustling wings. Receive in
your choir the young hunter of Cona.

ULLIN.

Bring him his robes of mist; his dusky
shield, and spear. He is no faint wanderer

trembling in his course; no warrior shrinking from foes. His soul was steadfast in danger. His heart like the steel of his sword. Not gathering hosts could shake his soul, or force the chief to flight. When danger pours round Morven. When the spears of strangers gleam on our hills, then come, o Oscar, to the aid of thy friends. Shew them thy manly form from thy cloud. Inspire them to follow and imitate thy deeds. They shall live in song, for thou wast generous and brave.

COLGAN.

Roll on ye dark winged years! convey his name to future times. When Morvens race has fail'd. When Selmas mouldring towers are fallen. When the grey stones of the warrior are lost in the heath, his name shall be rever'd, his memory esteem'd. Future bards shall raise thy glory. They shall glow at the recital of thy valor, and melt away in thy praise.

CHOIR OF BARDS.

Descend ye Warrior ghosts, receive the young hunter of Cona.

KINFENA AND SIRA.

A

P O E M.

The Argument.

The following poem seems to be a remnant of the drama of the ancient Celts. It is said that on certain occasions pieces of this kind were exhibited; but on this head we are oblig'd to have recourse to conjecture, as tradition is very obscure and uncertain on this point. The common people in Ireland have still remaining several old farces, but as they are not remarkable either for their elegance of thought, or diction, I was oblig'd to reject them.

KINFENA AND SIRA.

A P O E M.

Reach me the harp of joy! Melodious music floats over my soul. It awakens the soft feelings of delightful fancy, it recalls to my mind the pleasing times of my youth. I shall sing the loves of Kinfena and Sira — Listen my friends to my song; it has the power of soothing woe.

K I N F E N A.

Sira, thou lovely maid, I see thy steps on Mora. *) The flowery heath scarce bends under thy feet. Thy long yellow locks float on the wind. The taper bow is graceful in thy white hand. Thy heaving bosom swells and pants from the chase. Ah why pursuest thou the stag of the desert; why alone the roe of Mora? Thy once lov'd Kinfena is now forgotten. No more he attends thee at the chase: Alas wasting grief now devours the manly strength of his form. He suffers, unheeded by thee.

For

*) a Mountain in Ulster.

For thee I sail'd to Lanul, in quest of dark-hair'd Sanger. His arm was strong as the torrent of Caruth; gloomy was his brow: his rage dreadful as the black gathering cloud of a storm, when the red glare bursts thro its riven sides, and gives an issue to the howling winds. I brav'd his strength, and rush'd with him into mortal combat. Pierc'd by my steel he tumbled to earth: His foaming blood flow'd for thee on my lance. — But alas since that time thou avoidest Kinfena! Since that time I languish in woe! —

If thy soul was smitten for Sanger: If the rough Warrior found entrance into thy heart, ah why then bid me avenge thee? Why wish I should shed the blood of the chief? — I receiv'd no insult from this stranger. Our fathers had never been foes; but to please thee I ventur'd my life: to obtain thy love I defy'd him to arms. Give me back my faith and my love. Return from the hill of Mora! Return thou fair one, or I die thro' despair!

But see! she descends from the hill, bright as the bow of heaven, when the watry sun

shines in the vale, and the forest of Mora gleams to the clouds. Her faithful Dearg *) precedes her steps; joyful he bounds along. But hark, I hear the music of her voice, her lovely sounds reach my ear. I will retire to discover her thoughts, and shun the disdain of her eye.

S I R A.

No more does the chase afford pleasure to Sira. Unruly love thou disturbest the peace of my breast! My once tender Kinfena is now faithless and false. Sulmalla has rob'd me of the youth of my love. But what hast thou, Sulmalla to boast, that Kinfena should prefer thee to me. The maids of Mora praise my shape, the youths of Samar say my face is fair; I feel that my heart is kind, and that virtue ennobles my soul. But thou art deceitful, Sulmalla; fell envy has blacken'd thy mind. Ah may'st thou be hereafter Sulmalla, abandon'd and forsaken like me, but first may'st thou taste all that bliss I once felt, then sink into the woe I now feel. —

*) The name of a dog.

Ah where art thou much lov'd Kinfena?
Coudst thou hear the deep sigh of my breast!
Coudst thou see the big tear how it flows; how
it moistens my bosom for thee! —

But what chief lies below in the vale? His
head is reclin'd on his arm. Deep musing he
seems immers'd in grief — Ah me! it is my
Kinfena. — Kinfena why thus plaintive, and
alone? Why alone and without thy Sulmalla?

K I N F E N A.

Some foe to our blifs, o Sira, has told thee
a dismal tale. Kinfena has heard thy kind
words, and the woe of his soul is dispell'd.
Nor Sulmalla fair maid of the hill, nor any
fair maid of the vale, have robb'd thee of the
heart of thy chief; thou alone my Sira! reignest
in my soul.

Come, fair one, to the house of my father,
where his lofty towers hang nodding o'er the
white foaming torrent of Arduff, and high
tufted trees defend them from the rage of the
northern storm. No more shall dark Sanger dis-
turb thee; my spear stretch'd the warrior low.

S I R A.

Is the base spoiler fallen! then will I go
with Kinfena, and dwell in his fathers towers.
No chieftain, when shielded by thee, shall offer
again dishonor to Sira, or dare to blast her
fame. —

No more shall Sulmalla disturb me: No
more her false wiles call forth the secret sigh
of my soul; for thou art dearer to me, my Kin-
fena! than the stream to the long hunted stag;
dearer than the flowery shrub to the roe. —

K I N F E N A.

Sulmalla tainted my soul, with black
jealousy's torturing bane. She assur'd me you
lov'd fierce Sanger, and sent me to combat the
chief, that I may fall by his arm. She said you
loathed my sight, and wish'd to see me bleed:
but since thou art faithful and kind, my pangs
and my anguish cease. Thou art now dearer to
me, than soft falling rain to the parch'd vale of
Lena, when the fiery sun had dry'd up the
rills, and the faded grass lies languid, and
reclin'd. —

S I R A.

Let us banish the thoughts of past woe,
and taste pure bliss whilst me may. Our life, like
the face of yon lake, is now placid and still;
to morrow a storm may disturb the smoothness
of its waves.

Come, come all ye maids of Mora, hear,
and bear witness to Sira's voice. I live and
shall die for Kinfena. —

Thus sung the fair maid of the hill, and
thus her warrior sung. Long flourish'd the
happy pair. Their moss cover'd tombs were long
seen on Mora. The hunter view'd them, and
sigh'd as he pass'd, and young Virgins bathed
their grave with their tears. —

OSSIAN'S SONG

AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THE
ROMANS.

I.

Descend on your rustling wings, ye warrior
ghosts descend. Come from your halls of thun-
der. Partake the bliss of your sons! The King
of the world is chas'd from our fields; the
haughty foe that menac'd our Land.

2.

His snorting horse in the pride of his course,
no more shall bear him victorious away. Mor-
vens lance has stretch'd on the plain, the
haughty foe that menac'd our Land.

3.

The wings of his eagles strew'd terror
around: strew'd terror in the souls of our maids.
But our warlike youths smil'd at the sight.
They rush'd like streams thro' the ranks of
their pride, and swept away the foes of the
Land.

4.

A black cloud hover'd o'er our hills. Death
flew terrific thro' our vales. The mothers wail,
the Virgins stolen sighs were heard. Fingal
heard their moans. His kindling soul arose.
Proud stranger why didst thou tempt his rage.
Why rouse the fierce warrior to arms? Why
come to ravage our Land?

5.

The lightning of his steel blasted your ranks.
Like deer ye fled before the flames of his sword.
Our affrighted maidens laugh at your flight.
They ask their returning victorious youths.
“Were these the dread foes of the Land?

6.

Raise ye Bards your tuneful songs. Sing
Fingals glorious deeds. Seize your harps ye
white handed maids of Selma, let the warrior
live in your notes. Soothe his soul to rest.
Soothe the soul of the warrior to rest, whose
arm has defeated the foes of the Land?

7.

Black brow'd care fly from our feasts. Hand

72 *Ossians Song after the defeat of the Romans.*

round ye maids the sparkling shell. Ye warriors
enjoy the recompense of the brave. Blest are
the fair whose lovely charms, Morvens
valorous youths defend. Happy the youths
whose valor has sav'd, Selmas maids, from the
foes of the Land.

B O S M I N A.

A

P O E M.

The Argument.

This Poem is one of the most serious of Ossians compositions. "Duthlamor, chief of Gorm-in (suppos'd to be one of the Shetland Islands) had insulted Fergus, the son of Fingal, on his landing on his island, in his return to Morven. Fingal, to revenge this injury, sail'd with a numerous fleet against him. On the night of his arrival he sees, in a dream, the ghost of his wife Clatho, daughter of Cath-ulla, king of Innistore. She warns him of the danger her daughter Bosmina is in, and desires he should immediately depart to rescue her from the hands of Malcargloss, chief of Hertrol, a country in Scandinavia, who having fallen in love with Bosmina at a feast, seiz'd the occasion of the absence of Fingall and his warriors to land in Morven, and carry her off by force. Fingal, determin'd by the vision to

fly to the aid of Bosmina, and desirous to put a speedy end to the war with Duthlamor, sends his Bard Ullin to propose him to decide their difference by a single combat. The combat is accepted; and the war terminated by the death of Duthlamor. Fingal sails from the bay of Clubar, lands in Morven, and meets Malcarglofs and his army. A battle ensues. Fingal kills Malcarglofs, and routs his army; but in pursuing the enemy he finds his daughter Bosmina dying from the wounds she receiv'd from Farul, the confidant of Malcarglofs, to whose care she had been committed before the battle, with orders to kill her if he should be overcome. Fingals lamentation, over Bosmina, concludes the poem.

B O S M I N A.

A P O E M.

When shall accents of woe cease to be hear'd!
When shall Selma be free from mourning! —

Ossians soul is o'erwhelm'd with grief. Fingals race is effac'd! My harp, thou recallest sad remembrance; thou cheerest no more the heart of the bard. My eyes are dim. The companions of my youth are no more! All my Children are fallen! Little men walk where once the mighty Fingal reign'd! Selma thy mouldring towers fall. Thy stately halls are fallen! Bleak winds roar thro' thy courts. Wild grass hides the seat of the King. The dreary night owl builds in his shield! Moss covers the heroes arms. No more the eyes of beauty bless thy halls. Thy daughters are vanish'd with the dark rolling of years. Thy heroes are slain. Thy bards have faild.

When shall accents of woe cease to be heard! When shall Selma be free from mourning! —

Yet sing, o my harp! there is solace in thy voice. The song of affliction is, at times, pleasing to the soul.

“It was in the days of my youth, and I sail’d with Fingal to Gorm-in, to the stormy land of Duthlamor, the enemy of strangers. Five hundred chosen youths follow’d the hero. We bounded over the foaming waves with joy. The blasts swell’d our white sails. The rocky hills of stormy Gorm-in appear’d. We rush’d into the bay of Clubar. Fingal sprung from his ship in his might. His tall spear sustain’d the King. His rattling arms resound. His heroes pour’d on the shore. We shathed our bodies in shining steel.

High on the hills appear’d the host of dark Duthlamor. The chief was amongst them, like the high branch’d stag, in the midst of the herd. Tow’ring he rear’d his lofty front: stately were his steps of pride, but his brow was gloomy, and unlovely. Black choler flow’d menacing from his eyes. The destruction of strangers lower’d in his heart. Words of wrath issued faltring from his tongue.—“Is this the mighty

Fingal” he cried, “Does he come to avenge his Fergus? Let him come! I long to dye my sword in his blood, to glut the hawks with his mangled corse.

So spake the haughty threatening Chief, when the gloomy shades of night pouring from the west, cover’d both hosts in darkness. Fingal repos’d on the shore. A rock sustain’d his head. His heroes lay around him. The whistling winds rush thro’ his beard. Rough blasts roar over the Ocean, and drive its foaming billows to the shore. Fiery meteors flash glaring thro’ the shades. Broken groans of death burst from the clouds of night. Fingal was sad. The thoughts of other years rose on his soul. Bodings of misfortune cover his mind. Atlength sleep seal’d the heroes eyes.

It was then that Clatho descended to the dreams of the King. Her face was wan as the moon, when dusky clouds invade her silent brightness, and the wanderer mourns the absence of her beams. Her robes were of the grey mist of the desert. Tears fell from her faded eyes. Frequent sighs rose from her breast.

Atlength, in a weak, mournful tone, her feeble voice broke out. —

Unfortunate Fingal ! thy years are devoted to woe. For ever must steel blaze in thy hands : still fate thy race pursue. — Thy halls, the refuge of strangers are profan'd. Dark Malcarglos rages in thy land. The blood of thy people flows on his sword. Rise, Fingal rise, fly to Bosmina's aid." — She departed in her cloud like the setting sun, when he hides his face in the western ocean, but still leaves some cheering light behind. —

Fingal started up in arms. He seiz'd his beaming lance. The pleasing half viewless form appear'd still to his sight. His ear still retain'd her sorrowful sounds. My fathers eyes were terrible. Rage swell'd in the midst of his soul. Our warriors knew he had seen the awful forms of the dead : for in time of danger they came often to his dreams. Silent we sat at a distance. We griev'd to see the wrath of the King. —

Now the grey morn appear'd in the east.

The sun began to rush forward in his fiery course, and gild the mountain tops with golden light. His beams flam'd on the shield of Duthlamors host. They stood in their pride, like a grove of lofty pines, that rear their tow'ring heads to heaven. Fingal saw the threatening foe. The kindling rage of his soul arose. He call'd, and spoke to Ullin. — "Go Ullin tell Duthlamor to come and fight me singly on the plain. I desire not the death of his people, for they have not injur'd Fergus. My hand seeks not the death of the feeble; Nor do I delight in the death of the brave; but my arm humbles the proud. The haughty fall beneath my sword!" —

The aged bard obey'd. — He strode with stately steps towards the foe. He held forwards his shining spear, and spoke gravely the words of the King. — "Fingal awaits thee singly on the plain, to try the fate of combat. His arm disdains the blood of the feeble; but the lightning of his sword is terrible to the haughty. Come Duthlamor, Fingal awaits thee singly on the plain." —

Fierce and proud the chief reply'd. "Long have I wish'd to meet this foe, and dye my sword in his blood. My soul shall rejoice in his fall. His warriors shall bleed by my lance. None of his hated race shall return to Selmas windy walls. The tears of their wives shall stream who come to combat Duthlamor. Their children, depriv'd of their fathers, shall weep. But Duthlamors soul shall rejoice. I delight in shedding the blood of my foes." —

The bard return'd, and bore the mournful tale. Fingals rising soul rejoic'd. A smile brighten'd his face and diffus'd pleasure on the souls of his warriors; as the sun, when it breaks thro the gloomy clouds of a storm, brightens the dreary scenes, and gladdens the affrighted hunter, so we rejoic'd in the smiles of the King.

He fitted the gleaming shield to his side. The sword of Luno blaz'd in his hand. High on his helm rustled the eagles wing. He strode along in the force of his might, and hum'd fiercely the song of war as he went. His grey locks wav'd in the wind. The appearance of my father was terrible." —

Turn

Turn thy eyes, o Clatho! away. Veil thy fair face in a cloud. Shun the sight of the chiefs. Danger surrounds thy Fingal. —

Swift and eager as the eagle of heaven, when he cleaves the liquid sky, and shoots screaming from his airy rock to tear his prey, rush'd dark Duthlamor shouting from his hills to fight. Wide resounded his rattling arms. He bounded along in the pride of valor, like a haughty steed in the joy of his course. Courage inflam'd his manly breast. But gloomy rage disfigur'd his soul, and cruelty tainted his heart. He approach'd, and spoke thus vaunting to Fingal.

At length thy fate is decreed. Thy fall shall ennoble my hand. The hawks of my hills shall devour thy corse. No tomb shall thy lifeless body contain. I delight in the blood of strangers. Thy arms shall adorn my halls, and tell to future years how Fingal fell under the sword of Duthlamor. ” —

Fingal smiling reply'd — “Vain chief thy threats I despise. I detest thy ungenerous heart.

If fate decrees my fall; (for one day the warrior must fall) my fame will live in song. The hunter shall raise my glory, and future ages sing my praise. Youths will strive to imitate my actions, and kindle at the recital of my deeds: but lift thy steel, o warrior, let us not waste the time in words." — Rage swell'd Duthlamors breast. His eyes dart dreadful flames. His lance, droven with fury, struck on Fingals helm, glided from the slippery steel, and fell broken and glittering on the sand. Then flew thine, o Fingal. It pierc'd Duthlamors shield; but the wary chief, bending aside, avoided a moment his fate. At once their swords shone flaming to heaven. Over their heads flash'd dreadful circles of light. Now they turn and change: now move in circular rotation: now, in their rage, they close and wind. Foot meets with foot. Their finewy arms twine. Duthlamor sought to wrench away the sword of Fingal; but Lunos blade, descending with force, cleft Duthlamors shield in twain, and lopt off the warriors arm. Fountains of blood gush'd from the wound. The chief fell on his cloven shield. Shades of death cover his

eyes. His rattling arms resound. Gorm-ins shores reecho to his groans." — Pity touch'd the soul of Fingal. He bade Ullin rear his tomb, and sing the song of peace. Confus'd, and silent the warriors of Duthlamor retir'd. They hated the bloody mind of their chief; but they lamented his fall: for he often had led them to fight, often shar'd with them the danger of war.

Fingal bade us spread the feast of shells: but gloomy sorrow fate upon his brow. Care lower'd in his manly breast. His thoughts roll'd towards Morven. No Bard cheer'd us with song. Grief fill'd our hearts. Silence reign'd around, as when the affrighted hunter sees darkness invade the bright disk of the sun, and cover his paths with shades, trembling he views the decay of his beams, terror seizes his soul, silent, amaz'd, he shudders at the dreadful appearance. Atlength Fingal rais'd his mournful voice. — "Ossian lift my sails; the foe prevails in Morven." —

We rush'd to the shore, spread our white sails to the winds, and bounded thro' the

My father rais'd his mighty voice, and bade
the battle roll.

As the wild conflict of the raging ocean,
when strong spirits contending in their clouds,
send forth the howling winds, and raise its
tumultuous foaming waves towards heaven;
As the crash and roar of bursting mountains,
when inward fires shake their lab'ring wombs,
and pour their torn entrails in the sky, so
dreadful was the din of battle. Terror, and
red-ey'd rage mix thro the ranks; Chiefs fall
on chiefs. Steel clangs and gleams on steel.
Death strides grimly thro the scene, and enjoys
the groans and wounds of heroes. The awful
forms of ancient times hang out of their clouds
to see the deeds of their sons. Darts hiss thro
the troubled air. Broken helmets roll on earth.
Splitter'd swords glitter on the sand. The
groans of the dying pour over the heath. Mor-
vens woods and rocks reply; wide flows the
blood of the brave. Carmath fell by my hand.
My lance, stuck thro his heart, quiver'd in his
breast. His helmet fell on earth. I saw and
bewail'd the generous youth. He was thy

Friend, o Bosmina! His tender songs soothed thy grief. Soft music flow'd from his tongue. Oft had we rais'd our tuneful notes together to praise the maids of Selma; but thou wast ever the dearest object of his song. Alas he fell in his youth! he fell, unknown, by the hand of his friend. — Conloch advanc'd to vengeance his death. He knew me, and turn'd aside. We plung'd in the midst of war. Gaul mow'd down ranks of the foe, like a flame in summer rushing thro the mountain furze. Malcargloss wasted Morven. From wing to wing the battle rag'd. Fingal wav'd his flaming sword, and rais'd aloud his dreadful voice. Joy shone in the faces of his chiefs. They knew the signs of the King. Terror fill'd the souls of the foe. Fingal roll'd them before him. They fell broken, like waves from the rough sides of a rock issuing abrupt from Morvens lofty cliffs into the main. The lightning of his spear was terrible. Destruction preceded his steps. The warriors died or fled.

Malcargloss saw the flight of his host. The kindling pride of his soul arose. He rush'd

upon her breast. No tears gush'd from his aged eyes. The cankering sigh lay smother'd in his bosom. At length the chief began.

“ Ah, is it thus I meet thee my child! My aged heart is pierc'd by thy wounds. Sorrow hovers o'er my withering head. My years shall roll away in woe. Who could inflict the wound? Who thus injure the lovely Bosmina!

Thrice the maid attempted to speak. Thrice fail'd her faltering tongue. At length with broken sighs she spake. Father rejoice at my death. My days are ended with fame. Honor, like the light of the sun, shall for ever shine on my grave. Malcargloss, in the rage of his love, fought to dishonour thy daughter. Thy chiefs fell beneath his sword. What could Bosmina do! — In vain I call'd on my father. In vain his pity implor'd. My cries, my tears were vain. Furious he seiz'd my hand, and forc'd me unwilling, away. He gave me to the care of the cruel Far-ul, with orders to slay me if Fingal approach'd. His dagger has wounded my breast. But, o father! with pleasure I die

since victory crowns thy sword. Let Selmas maidens raise my tomb. Let bards send my name to future times. O Clatho receive thy dying daughter! Let my ghost wander with thee on thy clouds; with the lovely, innocent maids of the hills.

My father rejoice at my death, my days are ended with fame." —

Long mourn'd my father over Bosmina. At length he call'd the aged Ullin. "Go," said he, "thou first of my bards, go raise Bosminas tomb. Let Selmas daughters seize their trembling harps, and sing the maidens praise. Let them strew odorous flowers on her grave. Let their graceful tears flow on her earth. Let Bards with annual songs transmit her name to future days, and waft her ghost to the clouds. I my self will sing her song of woe. Farewell thou light of Selma! Farewell thou comfort of my aged days. —

"O Morven my years have fail'd! My aged heart is broken with grief! The friends of my youth are departed. The sons of the feeble

insult my age: they insult the grey hairs of Fingal. Strangers avoid my sorrowful halls. When shall Grief depart from Selma! When shall joy brighten my soul! Ah why should I speak of joy, Bosmina! my lovely Bosmina is dead.

Thou appearedst in my eyes, o Bosmina! like a tender flower in all the pride of beauty. The breath of spring nourish'd its graces. The morning dew preserv'd its freshness. The sun bestow'd it its colours. The wandering traveller saw the lovely flower, he prais'd its beauteous form. But the wind of north rush'd on, blasted the lovely flower, and strew'd its gaudy head on earth. The traveller pass'd the way again, saw the wither'd leaves, bewail'd the loss of its beauty, and strode in sorrow away. Thus art thou fallen, Bosmina! Thus wither'd in the days of thy youth! Ah whither shall Fingal turn his steps. On all sides sorrow attends my pace. Bosmina, my lovely Bosmina is dead! —

Descend ye awful ghosts of my fathers! Call away your grey hair'd son. I long for the

narrow house. I wish to mount on the clouds. What are the joys of the warrior! What all his vaunted toils! They are empty, and vain, like the red meteor, that glaring thro the shades of night, for awhile affrights the traveller, but is suddenly forgotten!

O Morven, my years have fail'd! my aged heart is broken with woe!" —

The words of the Chief reach'd my soul. I mix'd my tears with his tears, and pour'd out grief to his grief. We rais'd the fair ones tomb. Ullin touch'd the mournful harp, and tun'd the burial song. I join'd my voice in her praise. Selmas daughters strew'd flowers on her tomb. Their flowing, tender tears moisten her grave. The hunter sees the lonely stones. Sorrow descends on his soul. He blesses the maid of Selma, and praises the race of Fingal.

THE
SONGS OF COMFORT.
A
POEM.

The Argument.

After Fingals death it seems that the constitution of his country had much suffer'd, and that the state had inclin'd to anarchy. Two of his sons, Fillan and Ryno, had been kill'd in the wars of Ireland, and his daughter Bosmina slain by the order of Malcargloss, so that there remain'd of his children but Ossian, and Fergus, of the latter of whom very little is known. — Ossian also had lost his only son Oscar; and in his advanc'd age, to augment his distress, was depriv'd of the use of sight. In this deplorable situation, it seems, to solace his misery, he compos'd the greater part of the poems which have been handed down to us by tradition. The present one is solemn, and bears a tincture of that gloomy disposition, in which it is so

Caril, Ullin, and Lamin, ye friends of my youth. Ye who have seen the actions of my son, and the valorous deeds of Fingal. Ye who have shared with me in the toils of war, and have tun'd your harps to the accents of my songs, bring back to my mind the times that are past, and let me taste the joy of grief. — Happiness obdurate the heart, but affliction softens the soul. —

C A R I L.

Long has Caril ceas'd to strike the trembling harp, long in silence deplor'd the fall of the bards. Glory, and the love of fame, animate no more the souls of our youths. Erin! the time of thy renown is past: the dark hour of thy fall draws near. Shades of death cover thy plains. The heart melting sound of the harp is despis'd, and the stranger receiv'd no more with joy in thy halls. Little men raise their heads of pride, and faction, and dissention reign in the land.

It was not so when we went to Sulim, when in the locks of youth thou strovest with the noble Fedlah: Fedlah, the strong, the brave

for the beauteous Muirvane. He was generous and gentle, tall and straight as the fir of Slimora, which overlooks all the trees of the forest, whose waving top dwells amidst clouds, and in whose branches strong winged eagles build.

Muirvane was virtuous and fair. Olva her mother had bred her up with care: and implanted the seeds of wisdom in her bosom.

The maids of Erin saw her with envy; but mildness, like a veil, soften'd her beauty. — The boldest youths admir'd the valorous Fedlah. He was fleet as the eagle of heaven, when he shoots from his airy rock to seize the dun son of the hill, and bear him away to his young. His feet, at the chase, scarce seem'd to bend the points of the flow'ry heath. His dart was unerring. The strength of his arm was a mountain torrent rushing impetuous from a broken cliff, it tears the roughest oak from its roots, and bears away opposing dams in its rapid course. —

At Tairton he worsted the mighty Murchard.
Donald, Conmor, and the strong nerv'd Felim,
rough

rough hunters of rocky Mora sunk under the flash of his blade. But who could resist thee, Ossian! Thou appearedst on the ranks to dispute the prize of valor. Muirvane saw thee, and trembled for her love. —

Fedlah had been from her youth the secret sigh of her breast. His image wander'd o'er her thoughts in the silent hour of her dreams; and when she awoke to the beam of morn his lovely form still reign'd in her soul.

Her father, the noble Ronar, lov'd the youth; yet the pride of his race was dearer to his soul, for he wish'd to ally his blood to the bravest of Erins chiefs; and brought his daughter to Taiton to bestow her on the victor at the games. Thy manly beauty struck her with awe, as the glare of a meteor, which issuing abrupt from the skirts of a wood, pains the benighted wanderers eye; a grand, yet terrible appearance. Thus terror rush'd through her soul. She presag'd the fall of Fedlah. — Her cheek grew pale. An universal tremor seiz'd her tender limbs. She fainted in the arms of her faithful Marthulla; wan as the lilly of the vale,

G

whose leaves had been spoil'd by the blighting blast, and whose lovely head lies reclin'd on the grass. —

Thy eye remark'd the maid. Thou saw'st what pass'd in her thoughts. A beam of pity darted thro' thy soul: Thou spok'st to me in haste — “Go Carril, and cheer the fair. Tell her that honor inflames my mind, and that in my bosom dwells the desire of fame. It bids me respect the loves of heroes, and banish woe from the breasts of the fair. My heart is a rock against the foe in arms, but it melts like snow in the warm shower of spring, when it sees the tears of the virgin fall.” —

I went and deliver'd thy words: — The combat was engag'd. — As when two thunder storms, driven by adverse winds, send forth their glaring flashes in opposite directions, so thick, so sudden gleam'd the blaze of crossing swords. The eldest heroes saw with amaze, the valor, force, and address of the champions. Never had Erin view'd a fight, so desperate and so equal. At length the force of thy nervous arm prevail'd. Thy sword cleft the thongs of

Fedlahs shield, and cut through his brazen armour. His blade, shatter'd on thy helm, fell broken from his hand. The shiver'd pieces gleam'd on the ground. The riven hilt remain'd useless in his grasp. —

The hero stood naked, and unarm'd, yet he stood as a rock, firm, and unshaken: he maintain'd his ground, his foot shrunk not from the frown of approaching death. — Straight thou withheldst thy blade, and spokest mild words of peace to the youth.

“Ossians soul delights in the combat of valor, but hatred and envy, are strangers to my heart. The dew of heaven is less pleasing to the parch'd sultry plain, than the power of doing good is grateful to my soul.” —

Thou gavest then thy hand to the youth, and leadst him to the weeping, trembling Muirvane. Her eyes were sunk on earth. Sorrow, like a cloud that shades the moons bright disk, when the howling storm rushes thro the vales of Lena, cover'd her lovely face. — “Witness,” thou saidst, “Ye heroes of Erin, I give up all

title to the maid. I yield her to this noble youth, for he dwells in the fair ones soul. My joy is to make the suffering heart grow glad, and to wipe away the tear from the eye of sorrow. Muirvane accept this pledge of my friendship. Fedlah accept the hand of the fair. Ye are worthy of each others love, and mutual happiness shall bless your days." —

The generous Ronar assented to thy words. He lov'd the young warrior, and his steadfast valor render'd him still dearer to his heart. — A general shout of Erins youth pour'd forth acclamations of praises to thy worth. The whole assembly honor'd thee with a sword, a polish'd helm, and a gold incrust'd shield. —

Such were thy glories Ossian in the days of thy youth: but sorrow waxes with years, and grey hairs are seldom the companions of bliss. We have had our share of joy. Why wish to survive the heroes we have lov'd? Fingal, Oscar, and Cuthullin are no more. Conal the brave is departed. — But their names live in song. The hunter muses on their deeds at the chase: their memory is the gale of spring,

embalming the Vales of Erin, when the bleak winter is past and the howling north wind is flown to other lands. —

But who do I see on yonder low hung cloud! Her face is serene and majestic. Her robe the light grey mist of the hill, curling and floating in the blast of night. The red passing meteor glares thro the thin substance of her form. It is the ghost of Evir-allen. I hear the sweetness of her voice. She says, "Ossian come away. I have prepar'd thy cloud. Oscar thy son shall roll it on thy tomb. Thy departed friends await thee. Come then away my love, hasten to thy belov'd Evir-allen."

She glides away like a moon beam o'er the silent vale of Sala, when driving clouds crowd thickning together, and drizzling rain swells the roaring torrent of Lora. Lovely is thy voice, o Evirallen. The music of thy tongue dies on mine Ear. It is the whispering breeze of eve, when it slides thro the reeds of the lake, the fisher regrets the pleasing sound, and wishes it may again return.

Ossian! the prime of thy days was surrounded with fame. Arm then thy bosom with strength: The end of a hero should be noble and great.

O S S I A N.

Pleasing is thy voice, o Caril, pleasant as the sound of the gushing fountain to the hunter's ear, when wearied with the chase, and sultry heat, he repairs to the shaded grot, and flakes his thirst in the limpid stream. —

Ullin, thou friend of my youth, now let me hear thy song. It is like the remembrance of joys that are past, dear, and pleasing to the soul. The ghosts of our departed heroes descend often on the skirts of their dusky curling clouds, to hear, from thy mouth, the sounds of their praise. The dark face of Hidallan, and Malthos rugged brow become calm and serene, when they listen to thy lays. Their airy wounds seem to close, and they forget their former, and their present pains. —

Soothe then my woe, o bard! my soul has need of ease. —

U L L I N.

Whither are ye vanish'd, ye tales of former times. Ye are borne away by the dark and swift rolling stream of years. Their rapid course effaces the trace of your paths, and the remembrance of former deeds grows dim on the soul: thus the grey mist floats over the plains of Lena, it covers the shrubby vales, and hides in its folds the summits of Mora. But the light of song beams afresh in my soul. Ossian hear my notes; they flow from my harp for thee." —

Once I mounted the steep of Glandree to visit the cave of Carbre. Its woody head was hid in clouds. Upon its side was the roar of waters, and blue, foaming streams rush'd in different channels down its rocky clefts. Enormous oaks, half consum'd by lightning, lay strewn over the bramble cover'd rocks. It was said that the ghosts of the deceas'd held conference there at the dead hour of night, and that the soft music of their songs was delicious to the ear. I reach'd the rugged point at eve, and sat there the whole night in expectation. Yet nought I heard but the owls harsh shriek,

and the foxes yelping howl. Bleak winds whistled thro' the jagged chinks. The storm increas'd. — Hard beat the rattling hail, and rain, against the sides of the solitary cave. In broken peals, rough, and loud, roar'd the dismal voice of thunder. The distant rocks repeated the hollow sounds: and at times the glaring flash shew'd the horrors and desolation of the scene. — Sudden it vanished, and universal darkness reign'd around. My soul was struck with awe. Atlength the wish'd for morning came. The sun appear'd like a molten mass, just issuing from the flaming forge of Airgrofs: scarce could it penetrate thro the dense, red mist: by degrees its force prevail'd. The mist was dissipated, and the horrors of the night were chased away. — The wide extended plains, spread under the mountain, convey'd the liveliest image of human blifs. The sea, placid, and calm, unruffled by the hurricanes boisterous wing, seem'd to slumber in its mighty bed. This pleasing prospect soften'd my mind to rest. I reflected long on the sudden change, then seiz'd my harp, and sung. —

Why art thou, o Man! so tortur'd with care! Why a prey to grief! — Vain is the boast of thy strength! — Vain the pride of thy power! — Bid, in the haughtiness of thy heart, the Ocean, “cease to roar.” — Command the sun, “stand still in thy course.” Thy command is fruitless, and thy endeavours vain. — Dark years roll their swift course along, and seasons change without thy will. pleasing sunshine succeeds to the bleak shower, and thou knowst not why this change. Vicissitude is nature's law. —

Lo! yon proud rock that nods so majestic o'er the vale, and seems to triumph in its elevated state; that very rock shall crumble into dust, or fall abrupt into that vale it now seems to despise. —

See that fair maiden that passes through the hall, modesty like the refreshing odorous gale, that floats over the vale in spring, precedes her lovely steps. Beauty, as a precious garment, cloaths her with charms. The light of her eye is more piercing than the lightnings blaze. Upon her cheek is the seat of love. The heaving

of her bosom fans desire. Crowds gaze with pleasure as she moves. The moon reigns not more unrivall'd in the starry heavens, than she in the souls of heroes. A few years shall fleet away, and the wasting breath of time has blighted her charms — Her deep sunk eye is faded — No more she awakes the poignant sigh — She passes, unheeded, neglected along." —

Know then that man it not born for bliss. His happiest state is ting'd with woe. Then learn to be content with thy lot, nor toil to shun what thou canst not avoid. —

Why art thou, o Man, so tortur'd with care! Why a prey to grief! —

O S S I A N.

Lamin tis thine to sing. Well knowest thou the strains that convey comfort to the soul. — Thou hast heard the sons of strangers sing, and learn'd the sublime meaning of their lays. — Sing the song of Fulir, the trembling dweller of the rock. Wondrous were his words: Solemn, the sublime accents of his tongue. —

L A M I N.

Peace attend thy shade, o Fulir, thou mild son of the eastern clime. Thou hast taken thy flight to the regions of bliss, far beyond the habitation of the sun, or the comets rapid course. Thou wast the friend of my soul, and thy words were healing balm to the mind in woe. — “Once I met thee in the cave of Carnmor. It was night, and thy eyes were turn’d towards the vault of heaven. A bright effulgence flow’d around thee — My soul was seiz’d with awe. — I heard with amaze these words. — “What is man before thy sight, o thou mighty Creator of All? A moment is his space in time, and imperfection is stamp’d on his being. But thou wast before time, and thou shalt have no end. Perfection belongs to thee alone. Thou art the beginning, the center, the end of all. The ways of men are dark. Error and crimes attend them. They sigh after perishable joys, and neglect eternal bliss. —

My soul grieves for the sons of Erin. They are merciful and brave: and the seeds of virtue are implanted in their hearts: but darkness

covers their minds and the light of thy being has not reach'd their souls. Open to them great Being the treasures of thy grace: teach them to love and venerate thy will. —

He spake, and on a sudden the heavens seem'd to burst asunder. A flood of glory stream'd ineffable on every side. Enthron'd in awful majesty appear'd the allmighty Power, and thus in words, that penetrated my inmost soul, the glorious vision spake. —

“Myriads of worlds are the works of my hands. I rejoice in the weal of all my Creatures. Their happiness is the effect of my love. The time is near when Erins sons shall feel my affection. I have seen with pleasure the noble frankness of their souls, and the generous benevolence of their hearts. I will take them in my care, my hand shall protect them in the hour of their distress, and in the time of their woe.” — The allmighty Being ceas'd. I fell to earth unable to sustain the effulgence of his glory. Fulir rais'd me, and spake mildly these gentle words.

“Lamin, go to the chiefs of Erin, tell them what thou hast heard, and relate unto them what thou hast seen. If they give credit to thy words, the day of their comfort is near.

He press'd my hand to his bosom, and a tear of joy fell from his half faded eye. Ossian, I then for the first time felt untainted joy, and cloudless happiness has since attended my days. Thou hast often with pleasure heard me repeat this song; Ah may it now serve to implant comfort in thy mind, and the love of truth in thy soul. —

O S S I A N.

Ye idle dreams of my youth fly far from my soul. Ye are delusive and vain. Error has entangled my mind, and dark doubts furrounded my thoughts. Like the fogs of Lano, when they cover the wanderers paths, and convey darkness, and death to the inhabitants of the vales of Sora.

Thou, Lamin, alone of all our bards, knowest lays that bring comfort to the soul. Their songs are pleasing to the ear, but thy

lays find entrance to the heart. — I feel the necessity of that powerful Being, of whom thy song so nobly speaks. The hunted, waried stag, seeks not the lake, to bathe his wounded side in the flood, with half the desire I seek to know his existence, and to follow his will. My soul if form'd by him, must not, can not fail. Joys without end must await it, if made by his powerful hand. — He, who created, will not destroy — He who gave me being, will surely preserve it. —

I have seen with wonder the course of the sun, the innumerable train of stars that shine by night, and adorn the blue vault of heaven. I have seen seasons succeed, and mild spring clothe our forests and our vales, with lovely leaves and luxuriant flowers. I enquir'd in my soul whence proceeded these grand appearances, and these variegated scenes. I found no answer pleasing to my mind. I consulted too my friends, and they could give me none.

But thou Lamin, hast open'd atlength the eyes of my soul, and dissipated the thick shades that conceal'd the truth. —

Great Being call me to thee. My body is enfeebled by years. My eyes are depriv'd of light, and my trembling hand can scarce strike the harp to thy praise. But hope returns to my soul like the warm breeze which the rising sun had brought back to the vale, where the lazy mist had reign'd, and the hunter lay shivering in his sedgy booth. Thou alone canst fill me with joy, and repair the breach of my years. Thus after the howling storm, mild rain gladdens the plains, the faded flower raises its drooping head, and the shatter'd tree rears its green branches again to heaven.

OSSIAN'S LAST SONG.

The Argument.

Ossian's address to one of the Culdees (or christian Missionaries). He blames this strangers gloomy song, & opposes the ideas of the bards to those of the Culdee. The Bard Alpin at his request sings to soothe his sinking soul. This introduces the affecting episode of Torlath and Sulvira. Ossian takes his harp and feeling his approaching end finishes his career, with a solem hymn in the praise of Virtue. —

This in that conference or disputation with a Culdee, or rather a fragment of that controversy, which Mr. Macpherson says, in his critical dissertation, that Ossian held at the end of his days with one of them about the Christian religion. —

Many circumstances induce to believe, that this poem, tho it bears the title of Ossian's last song, was compos'd before the Poem of the songs of Comfort.

OSSIANS

OSSIANS LAST SONG.

O son of the foreign land, who dwellest lonely in the cave of the rock! O thou whose mournful voice, like the murmuring sound of a distant stream, has often reach'd my aged ear! Come and relate thy gloomy dreams! Pour out thy solemn songs. But why should I delight in thy hymns. They roll black terror along the soul. They shake the minds of the brave. Thy song is like the groan of that cloud, that lab'ring with its baleful burden, sends forth peals of thunder, then shoots, from its gloomy womb, the pointed darts of death. Fly, stranger, fly to thy distant land, fly from our happy isle!

Morvens sons are renown'd. They glow at the thoughts of their fathers deeds. The blaze of their steel is terrible to the haughty: but their halls are the refuge of the distress'd. As the strong winged eagles of Mora shoot on their prey, as the roaring torrents of mountains, swell'd with impetuous rains, pour their wild foaming course down the rocks, and bear

away opposing dams ; so swift, so fierce, so irresistible rush the sons of the desert to war, and wanton thro the proud ranks of their foes.

Morvens bards are pleasing. The mouths of song banish our woe. They inspire valor into the souls of our youths, and soften the hearts of our high bosom'd maids. Fly, stranger fly, with thy glomy songs. Disturb not the blifs of our isle!

Alpin, thou friend of my youth, thou prop of my sinking years, strike the melodious harp, and lull my soul to rest. As dew refreshes the drooping flower, so music cheers the heart. I will join my voice to thy song, and sing the last of my lays. I feel my approaching end. The cold hand of death, like a freezing blast, benumbs Ossian's fainting soul.

A L P I N.

Vain are the joys of life! Vain the length of days. The races of men fall like leaves; new generations succeed; all share the same fate. As waves follow waves and break on the shore, so perish the sons of men. The mighty

fall like the weak. Who can stem the swift rolling stream of years? Who can bind the rapid wing of time? — The yawning grave receives without pity, the blooming maid, the tender youth, and the grey hair'd warrior the terror of the field. They lie confounded together. — Where are these barbarous chiefs who delighted in shedding of blood? Like Lanos baleful damps they wasted whole lands in their rage. But their names are forgotten. The bards efface them from their songs. Their gloomy ghosts wander alone, in the thick mists of the lake, nor ever rise to the mansions of the clouds.

But ye heroes, ye friends of the distress'd, whose swords never injur'd the weak, ye live for ever in song. We praise thee Trenmor at our feasts. Morven resounds the name of Fingal. Thou too art renown'd o Ossian! Conas lovely voice is rever'd. Who sung like thee on our hills? Whose spear flash'd like thine in the cause of thy friends? Whose counsel was so wholesome as thine? Who promoted like thee thy countrys weal? But happiness not all-

ways, o Bard, pursues the paths of the just. As the blak cloud of the west rushing over the sun, obscures at the end of his course the glories of his bright career, so misfortune oft taints the most generous warriors close of life.

Once as I stray'd on the hill, I heard old Gellamins complaint. His voice was melodious as the gale of spring, gliding thro the green budding boughs of the grove. He sat on a broken rock, near the fount of a murmuring brook. His grey hairs wav'd in the breeze. Tears fell down his aged cheek. He sung, and the spirits of the hills listen'd attentive to his lays.

“Ah why is the wind so still! Why rolls the clear stream so softly along, whilst tempests rage in my soul; while the tumult of sorrow ruffles my breast! Roar ye bleak blasts of the north. Dash ye wild seas against clouds. — No, cease your feeble attempts; you image to faintly the disorder of my heart. —

Where art thou gentle Sulvira, thou loveliest maid of our hills? Where is thy brother

Colulla, the hope of my sinking age? Why do you fly from your father! Why leave him alone in his woe!

Methinks I see at times your pale ghosts, when the moons faint beam tinges the brown sides of the clouds. I call on your lovely forms, but ye fleet unkindly away. Ye rocks hear my mournful song. Ye woods repeat my woe!

My halls were the refuge of strangers, my sword the terror of foes. But alas! what avail'd my strength! What avail'd my generous soul! Torlath came from Albions cliffs to woo Slimonas bright heam. A hundred hills own'd his sway. Many were the deer of his woods, many his warlike chiefs; but he came only attended by few, for peace reign'd in his soul.

Sulvira saw the gentle youth. The secret sigh of her love arose. I blest'd the fair hair'd stranger, and promis'd the blushing maid. Dignity flow'd round her stately steps. Love glow'd in her blue rolling eyes. Her voice was the music of harps. Her heart was generous

and mild. Joy reign'd in Slimonas halls. We
wasted the night in song.

Soon as the grey morn appear'd, and the
sun rais'd his unhorn head from his watry
couch in the main, we assembled the bounding
dogs of the chase, and mov'd to Gormbeams
woody hills, to the haunts of the branching
deer. Three days we bathed our spears in the
blood of the mountain boars. Three days we
feasted in the woods. The strength of the shell
elated our souls. Sudden came Farbil. Grief
cover'd his face. His words were broken with
sighs. "Rise," said the youth, "Gellamin
rise, Struthdearg, Mathons wild looking chief,
has invaded thy halls. His arm is the thunder
of heaven conveying death to the sons of the
vale. His sword is red with the blood of thy
friends." I rush'd with our chiefs from the
chase. Bodings of misfortune swell'd in my
soul. I flew to my mournful halls. I found my
young, my tender Colulla rolling in death; a
broken spear in his side, fountains of blood
gushing from his wounds. He saw me, stretch'd
out his hand, and spoke. —

Gellamin! my arm of youth was weak. I fought to protect Sulvira, but Struthdearg's sword has prevail'd. He carried off the weeping fair, and smil'd at her piteous cries. Death affrights not the soul of Colulla. He fell in the strife of the brave." —

His words tore my aged heart. Wild, desperate, furious, flew Torlath. Rage wing'd his flying course. His youthful pace devanc'd mine. Sulvira saw our approach. She called on her father and lover, but alas! She call'd on her lover in vain. He fell under Struthdearg's sword. I came with the steps of age. I heard my daughters mournful shrieks. Struthdearg just gain'd the shore, and sought to mount his blackbosom'd ship. He forc'd Sulvira along, and bore her aloft in his arms. Her bosom was stain'd with gore. Her fair locks flow'd deshevell'd in the blast. High beat my raging heart. Furious I threw my lance. The weapon pierc'd the traitors neck, but alas! it pierc'd, too, my unfortunate daughter. Thy tumbled prone on the oozy rocks. I fell upon Sulviras breast, and bathed her wounds with my tears. On

the sea beaten beach I rear'd her tomb, and plac'd Torlath by her side. Rest peaceful ye innocent lovers on Morvens rocky shores! Sleep softly in the cave of the rock! — Ah my race is effac'd! I am like the wither'd tree of the desert; my branches are torn away; my aged trunk is decay'd.

Ah what is the bliss of life! What the vain boast of arms! All, all is a fleeting dream." —

Thus sung the aged Gellamin. His words of woe melted my soul. I observ'd the decay of his voice. I rush'd to his aid. 'Alas! I found but a lifeless corse. — Ah Ossian! vain are the joys of life! vain the length of days!' —

The sun, exulting in his youthful strength, shoots his golden matin ray on Glanmores rocky point, and seems to promise lasting bliss to the vale below. All nature smiles around. Each dew bespangled shrub exhales its grateful odors in the air. The hunter, awak'd by the glowing beam, greets the lovely morn. About him spring his bounding dogs; high beats his heart with joy. — But lo the blissful scene

soon disappears. The howling breath of north
scowls impetuous thro the whistling woods.
Dreadful roll the veering clouds. Driving hail
rattles against the rocks. Swell'd with falling
rain, surge, foam, and roar the mountain tor-
rents. They roll down in their precipitate course
vast fragments of torn rocks, and send destruc-
tion to the vale. In broken peals, bursts rough,
and loud, the dreadful crash of thunder. The
suns bright glories cease, and dismal darkness
reigns around. At times fiery flashes fly glaring
thro the shades, and augment the general
horror. —

See shatter'd, and stretch'd on earth lies the
haughty oak, the boast of the forest, and the
glory of the hill. It seems to say. — “ My
proud-waving head liv'd amongst the clouds of
heaven. Fostering streams nourish'd my wide
extended roots. For ages I defy'd the storms.
Broad winged eagles nestled in my branches.
The roe, the stag, and the boar sought shelter
under my shade. But the moment of my fall is
come. Sing'd, batter'd, rent from my base, I
now lie a wretched ruin, doom'd to moulder

and decay!" — Nor is man exempt from the general waste of time; he is hurry'd, and borne headlong away in the rushing stream of years. To day his glory is great on earth. To morrow his fame is gone.

Then Ossian cease to mourn thy fate! Cease to complain of thy failing age; for vain are the joys of life; vain the length of days.

O S S I A N.

Sad is thy mournful song, but lovely thy voice of woe. Bring me my harp, o Alpin! hear the overflowings of my soul; the last faint sounds of Ossian.

"Ye ghosts of my fathers I hear your call. My friends your pleasing voices reach my soul. I soon will join your tuneful choir, and sing with you on the clouds. Farewell ye woods and mountains; oft have ye reechoed to my strains. Oft in thy rocks, o Morven! have I sung the generous deeds of heroes! oft rais'd the praise of lovely beauty. O my harp! lend me once more thy cheering, pleasing aid. Let the blaze of all powr'ful truth enlighten my

darken'd soul. Let my accents be worthy to be sung by future bards.

Ha, what seizes my enraptur'd heart! Lightnings flash, and thunder rolls; blazes of glory appear. The heavens burst asunder! Enthron'd in the awful majesty of power the great Almighty Being unveils his face. Ah, who can bear the rays of thy glory! Cover thy face great Ruler of All, or my weak frame shall dissolve away. Thou speakest! ah how pleasant is thy voice divine. It chafes darkness from my soul. It pours life along my thoughts. Great Being! I own thy existence. I own and venerate thy power. Thou callest me to thee, and biddest me raise the song. Yes I will sing the last of my songs, and Virtue shall be my theme.

O thou sole happiness of man, Virtue I sing thy praise. Thou dwellest in the hearts of heroes, and exaltest the thoughts of the warrior. Thou biddest him bend the necks of the haughty. Thou promptest him to spare the conquer'd, and orderest him to succour the distress'd. Thou strewest blessings like dew o'er

the land. Thou inspirest the songs of the bards. Warm'd with thy heat they sing immortal lays, and send to future days the names of those who venerate thee. Nor shall the wasting pow'r of time, or the corroding tongue of envy, blast or efface the memory of those whom they consecrate in their songs. The glories of the sun shall fade. He, who shines so bright in his course, who reigns so imperious in the heavens, shall fail, at length o'er power'd by the force of irresistible night. His lustre shall cease: His strength shall be no more. But thy worth shall last; thy glories never know decay. Thou shalt pierce the limits of time, shalt wander victorious in unbounded space, and reign in endless eternity. Seated near the great Power of heaven, I see the sons of Virtue quaff everlasting joys, and swim in oceans of bliss. But the heart of the cruel, and the base soul of the coward, shall never taste the extatic pleasures which flow from thee. Far from his face the great Power expells them, consign'd to darkness, to misery, and woe.

Join me all nature in my song. O Moon,

thou fair wanderer of night ! O ye stars that
twinkle so bright in the azure vault of heaven,
bow down, and acknowledge the power of
virtue — Ye streams as ye murmur in your
course ! Ye winds, as ye fly over foaming seas !
Ye rocks as ye rise to the clouds. Ye woods
as ye wave your green heads, join with me
in one great harmonious song, join in the
praise of virtue. Happy the chiefs that feel thy
worth : happy the land that owns thy sway.
Thy voice stops the course of war. Peace at-
tends on thy lovely steps. Where thou reignest
the brazen sword hangs unemploy'd in the halls.
The shield is useless, and the once burnish'd
helmet is cover'd with dust. Spears shine only
in the hunters hands, and are dreadful alone
to the boars of the woods. Maidens fair as the
ghosts of the hills, and gentle youths join in
the dance, about the blazing oak of the feast.
They fear no cruel invader. The eyes of their
fathers survey them with joy. Their aged faces
brighten at the pleasing sight.

Such was the bliss of Selma in the days of
my youth, when the light of song beam'd on

the hills of Morven and meek ey'd innocence
was honor'd and rever'd. Such was the fame
of Ardven when Fingal govern'd the land, and
made the desert smile. But oh, I perceive the
decay of my days. I feel my approaching end.
A cold shivering tremor wanders over my
frame. Art thou the chill hand of death? —
Comest thou to lead me to the awful shades of
my fathers? — Come. — I will follow thee. —
Thy terrors shall not shake the soul of the
bard. —

O Virtue, comfort my end. My soul is
strong in thee. Receive me great Ruler of All!
Receive the dying Ossian.

S U L I M A.

A

P O E M.

A tale of the times of old: a doleful dismal tale!

I sing the sorrowful death of Sulima, the fairest maid of Moma. I sing the luckless fate of Calmar, the bravest youth of Ullin!

“The Ocean had ceas’d to roar. The howling tempest was hush’d, and the long shades of night came rolling over the western waves. All nature enjoy’d rest; all but the sorrowful Sulima: Her soul was sunk in woe, and sleep was a stranger to her eye, since the youth of her love had rais’d the sail, and ventur’d his frail ship on the frightful deep, to combat the cruel Dago; Dago who had bound her father in chains, and carried him captive to his distant isle. His departure loaded her heart with woe: But his promise of speedy return, and the hopes of the deliverance of Ullmor, allay’d in

some measure the pangs of her distress. Each morn she came to the sea shore: each evening she visited the place where Calmar assur'd he woud meet her again, if success shoud attend his arms.

Many long days had pass'd without hearing from her lover. Many tedious nights she watch'd on the sounding beach, and mix'd her fruitless, unavailing tears with the hoarse murmurs of the waves; but she receiv'd no tidings from Calmar.

Boding woe swell'd in her breast. Once more she bent her lonely steps to the sea beaten rock of Ithon. Slowly she mov'd along. Her lovely head was sunk upon her breast. Her snow white hands hung negligently down. Her veil flow'd over her long fair locks, which at times were fann'd by the breeze of night, and her robe flow'd unheeded, and loose behind her. When she arriv'd at the dreary rock, she sat on its rugged point. A deluge of tears fell from her eyes, and bathed her throbbing bosom. She paus'd awhile, then view'd the sea in silence. The Moon solemn regent of night shed her
pale

pale beams over the trembling waves. A deep sigh burst from her breast; and thus she rais'd her sorrowful complaint! —

“Thou lovely light of heaven, thou seemest to partake of Sulimas woe, and share the distress of her soul.

Pale wander'st thou thro' clouds. Wan and faded are thy beams: hast thou, perhaps like me, some lover to lament? Hast thou, like me, a father to bewail!

Ye are hush'd ye boisterous winds. Each blast impress'd terror in my heart. I fear'd ye might hurt my Calmar; I fear'd ye might injure my love. Ye western breezes swell his white sails! bear him softly along ye heaving waves; for my Calmar is gentle and mild. Valor and love reign in his breast.

Ye rugged rocks sink down in the deep! Retire your pointed fronts from the surface of the sea. Ye are baleful to the venturous mariner: Ye are unwelcome to Sulimas fight!

O Calmar, why dost thou delay thy return,
Why leave thy Sulima in woe! —

The big tear flows from her eye for thee;
and thou caufest her figh to break forth: yet
thou enjoyeft not her tear; nor heareft thou the
foft murmur of her figh!

Ah Calmar return to thy love! return and
foothe away her grief! —

When broken flumbers feal my aching eyes,
my terrors ftill encreafe. Methinks I fee thee
forfaken, and pale. Methinks I fee thee ghafly,
and dead. I then, alas! awake, and all my woes
augment.

Ah Calmar, return to thy love, return and
foothe away her pains.

But lo! I behold a ghofl gliding o'er the
furface of the deep. His brow is dark, yet love-
ly. I fee the green furge foam thro his thin
form. He feems to beckon at Sulima. Ah why
torment me thou fhadowy form? Why pierce
my heart with woe! —

Thus wail'd the light of beauty. She caft
her view again over the bounding waves. She
faw them bear fomething to the foot of the

rock: tither she bent her step. Alas! it was her Calmars corse. Her wild starting eye perceiv'd her love. A shrieking scream burst from her breast. She fell prone upon his livid bosom. Her heart broke in twain. Her soul departed in a groan. —

Ye maids of Moma raise her tomb: Lay Calmar by her side. No gentler lovers shall adorn the grassy plains of Erin. Ah join me in my song, and send their names to future times!

Descend ye ghosts of the hills, descend, and hear our lays!

Fair was the maid of Erin, gentle, and kind the mild Sulima! —

Her eyes were like two twinkling stars, when they shoot their beams thro the vault of heaven, and gleam on the hill of night: tender was her heart, but luckless, and sad her fate. Alas! she lost her lover, the generous, valiant Calmar. —

Descend, ye ghosts of the hills; descend, and hear our lays! Calmar! thy strength was matchless: thy valor was renown'd amongst the sons

of the mighty. Thou didst not fall by the sword
of thy foe: Nor could Dago boast of thy defeat;
the wretch fell beneath thy spear.

Happiness attends ye in the mansions of the
clouds, where virtuous lovers enjoy peace and
bliss.

Descend ye ghosts of the hills: descend and
hear our lays.

S I T R I C.

A

P O E M.

The Argument.

Sitric, King of Dublin, (son of that Turge-
fius who had occasion'd, by his incontinence, the
expulsion of the Danes, and who had suffer'd
death, being thrown into a lake, bound hand and
foot, by order of Malachie, Monarch of Ire-
land,) form'd a scheme to destroy Calahan
King of Munster, one of the greatest heroes
of his age. His hatred was caus'd by jealousy,
for he had learn'd that Morlina his Wife,
daughter to Eoichad, had fallen in love with
Calahan at a feast, at Waterford, previous to his
marriage with her. To effect this scheme he
sends his brother Tor with proposals of friend-
ship to Calahan, and offers him his Sister
Bibiona in marriage, to cement their friendship
and union. Morlina overhears the design of
Sitric, and determines to apprize Calahan of

the danger he was in. Tor discovers her, flies to Sitric, who falls upon Calahan, and destroys all his attendants. Calahan, and Dunchuan his friend are taken and sent in chains to Dublin. Sitric kills Morlina. Bibiona hearing of Calahan's captivity, expostulates with her brother Sitric to gain his liberty. He denies her request. Fill'd with despair she prays the spirit of Loda to avenge the evil treatment she receiv'd. She dies. The poem concludes with some short reflexions on the deeds of former times.

The subject of this Poem is of much a later date than that of Ossian. It must be plac'd in the ninth century. It is not certain to whom this Poem can be attributed: but as it has much of the taste of Ossian's compositions, and throws light on the history of these times, I thought it woud not be unacceptable to the Public.

S I T R I C.

A P O E M.

Tales, of the times of old, ye press upon my thoughts. The remembrance of the past is pleasing, but it conveys affliction to my soul. Ye roll before me ye deeds of heroes, and I pour ye forth in song. —

What strikes the ear of age! What floats on my lab'ring mind! Is it a spirit of the hill I hear, or the voice of suffering woe! — It is the voice of Morlina uttering the wailings of distress. It is soft as the breeze of noon, gliding thro' the reeds of the lake. —

M O R L I N A.

“Why rushest thou, o sigh, from my breast! Thou tearest Morlinas heart. But thou must dissolve away in the blast, and not witness the trouble of my soul. Why hast thou broken my peace, o Eoichad! Why hast thou depriv'd me of the youth of my love! I saw him lovely in his halls. Dignity adorn'd his brow, and grace flow'd round the steps of the hero. Unusual

emotion seiz'd my heart. A trembling weakness wander'd over my frame. The youth flew to my aid. I melted away in his arms. Ah why did I not die at that hour; I have languish'd since in woe. —

The sun rises over the hill in joy: He gladdens the mountain roe, but he affords no joy to me. The moons mild beam pours pleasure along the plains of Lena; to me it adds new pain. — Why was I wrested from thy arms, o Calahan! Why forc'd to espouse the cruel Sitric, the foe of my country, the mortal foe of my Calahan? — Cease to murmur, o stream! cease to rustle thou trembling leaf! My soul is now dead to your sounds. My ear is now deaf to your song. My tears for ever flow, but thou enjoyest them not o Calahan. They fall like the soft dew of heaven on a barren rock, useless, and in vain." —

The daughters of Blaceigh *) once call'd me happy. Lays of love flow'd gently from my tuneful strings. They soothed the hearts of our

*) The ancient name of Dublin.

warriors ; but alas , they cannot soften the rough heart of Sitric. Wild rage like the tempestuous blast that impetuously disturbs the seas of Lochlin , ruffles his troubled soul. His gloomy heart delights in blood. Jealousy , and cold disdain rule , by turns , his stormy mind. — Ah why did I not fade away in my youth ! Why not wither like the lonely flower of the desert , unheeded , neglected and unknown !

Thus wail'd the light of beauty : but a cloud of sorrow darken'd the lovely beam. —

Sitric and Tor appear'd. Deep design mark'd the Monarchs gloomy face. Sudden he stop'd — At times he rais'd his hand to his shaggy brow. At times he strok'd his grisly beard. His unequal step — His menacing wild gestures , shew'd the agitation of his mind. His appearance was terrible : like a burning oak , whose hoary trunk a meteor had enflam'd in its course , and sing'd its tow'ring top : at times the blaze bursts thro its crackling chinks : waving , tottering , it stands on the verge of a cliff , and threatens destruction to the vale. The red glare brightens its winding streams. The benighted

traveller sees the wasting fire, trembling he hastes
from the vale, and flies the approaching danger.
Awhile he paus'd — he then broke out abrupt —

“ Shall the blood of my warriors, stain,
unrevengd, the plains of Erin! — My father,
I see thy angry ghost rising from the whirling
eddy of the lake — Thou upbraidest me with
mean supineness — Chief of Lochlin thou shalt
have vengeance — Floods of gore shall appease
thy shade. —

Tor, my soul labours with a mighty thought.
Thou knowest that proud Chief of Erin, the
warlike, daring Calahan. His sword protects
the sons of Innisfail: like a wasting flood he
stops me in the midst of my course. He has
robb'd me of all my peace — He must bleed —
Go, bid him to my feast. Tell him I desire to
unite with him in friendship. — Tell him he
shall possess the lovely Bibiona, the high bo-
som'd, mild ey'd maid of Lochlin. Say she
shall raise bliss in his soul, and that I will divide
the kingdom with him. His heart is free
from guile. He will come; and I will plunge
a dagger in his breast. I will smile to see him

writhe in death. I will enjoy his groans. I will give his corse to the hawks of Erin — Obey — Return not without my prey. — Tor hastened away, well pleas'd to perform the injunctions of the King. Morlina heard the dread command. Pity, and the remembrance of her former love rose in her soul. Her snowy bosom heav'd. She dreaded to be seen by Sitric, and departed: stately as the swan of Lego, when he raises his ruffled downy wing to the breeze, and steers sidelong his majestic course thro' the parting wave of the lake. She came to Sitrics halls, and call'd the aged Malda.

“Malda,” she said, “my soul is sad. I sink beneath my load of grief. Thou knowest my love for Calahan. Sitric designs to murder the youth. — He must not die, o Malda! Morlina will save his days. —

Go, bring me a young warriors mail. Bring me a light sword, and slender spear. I will go and apprize him of his danger. I will rescue him from the hands of his foe. Yet he shall not have knowledge of my love. Virtue, thou guide of Erins maids, thou shalt ever conduct Morlinas ways!

Malda strove to dissuade the fair. Her words were vain. Strong resolve had steel'd her heart. She clad her soft limbs in arms. A glittering helm cover'd her blooming face. She rush'd away from her friend intent to save her hero, or perish in the great design.

Now Tor had reach'd the halls of Calahan. Persuasive eloquence flow'd from the lips of the youth. Each dissembling art was his. Truth was a stranger to his tongue, his soul was replete with fraud." —

"King of Moma," he said. "Sitric sends me to gain thy friendship, and cement it by the firmest ties of love. He offers you his sister Bibiona, the fairest amongst the daughters of Lochlin. Her eyes are piercing as the rays of the sun, but her heart is gentle and kind, and her bosom is the seat of love. He will divide the lands of Erin with you. Your foes, shall be his foes; your friends shall be his friends — Come to Sitrics halls. Lead home to thy Palace the high bosom'd fair. She shall fill thy soul with bliss. She shall spread comfort over the days of thy youth. Peace shall reign over the

plains of Erin, and dissention be for ever banish'd from the land." —

Joy gleam'd over Calahans face. His open, unsuspecting heart glow'd with love. He mildly reply'd to the chief. "Welcome, thou son of the wave, welcome to Momas towers. When Lochlin lifts the spear against Erin, my sword flashes in her defence: but when warriors offer peace my soul meets them with joy: well pleas'd I then sheath my blade. I accept with pleasure the lovely Bibiona, and embrace the proposals of Sitric. Let peace reign in Erin, and dissention for ever cease. Let us pledge our mutual faith. Let the shell of joy proclaim our union. Let bards prepare the festive song, and praise the maid of Lochlin. I then will fly to my love, and concord shall bless the Isle." —

The feast was spread. The bards rais'd Bibionas charms. They sung the deeds of Calahan, and prais'd, tho reluctant, the gloomy Sitric. —

The night was wasted in song. Tor press'd the youth to depart. Soon as the early beam of

morn appear'd, they strode away from Momas halls. Ten noble chiefs attended Calahan. His generous soul was above caution, for his heart knew no deceit. The princely Dunchuan follow'd his friend. Three days they march'd in peace. On the fourth appear'd the stately walls of Blacleigh. Morlina saw the youth approach. Her panting, fluttering, heart beat against her mail. High rose her swelling breast. Her helm hid the wanness of her cheek. Her spear scarce supported her faltering steps. Shame, modesty, her sexes pride, by turns reign in her mind: but love, allmighty love atlength prevail'd — She drew near to the youth, and spoke. —

“ Calahan beware of the walls of Blacleigh. Death awaits thee in Sitrics towers. I have shar'd the shell in thy fathers house, and the arms of thy family grace my halls. Farewel, King of Moma: profit of a strangers words.”

Tor knew Morlinas voice. He sternly fled to Sitric. Calahan thank'd the youth. “ Warrior,” he said, “ come live in Momas plains. Share the joys of my court. Be ever dear to my heart. —”

He stretch'd forth his hand to the chief:
but the youth fell prone to earth. — Calahan
flew to his aid. He unbrac'd the warriors mail.
He saw the lovely bosom of the fair. He knew
the mild daughter of Eoichad, and his bursting
sigh rush'd forth.

Sitric and his host appear'd. —

The King of Moma bade his friends draw
near, and wait the coming fight. He foresaw
Morlinas danger, and fear'd more for her life
than his own. —

“Heroes, seize your arms,” he said, “we
must defend the fair Morlina. We must gain
our fame, or nobly die in arms. Death when
attended with glory, is a warriors noblest
meed; but the perfidious sons of Lochlin shall
feel the weight of Erins swords. Valor can
save the brave. The coward bleeds unreveng'd.”

He advanc'd to shield the fair. Sitric per-
ceiv'd Morlina reclin'd on her arm. Furious he
threw his spear. It pierc'd her lovely breast.
Her spirit fled in a groan to the winds. —
“Go, join,” he cry'd, “the soul of my father.

Thy cries shall please his ghost. He delighted in the shrieks of the feeble, and his soul rejoic'd in blood. Soon shall the corse of thy lover be devour'd by the fowls of the air." —

"Tyrant" reply'd the Chief, "thy lance has prevail'd against a weak woman, but here thou shalt meet the sword of the brave." —

The battle burn'd. Wide wasted Calahans spear; but his warriors were few, and numerous were Sitrics bands. Angus, Aod, and Sullivan, all youths of royal line, fell under the sword of the Dane; but many were the deaths they gave. Blood flow'd streaming from the wounds of Lochlin. *) Blacleighs plains were strewn with their slain. Conmor, Moriarty, Rierdan, Driscoll, still maintain'd their ground; but valor in vain supported the fight. They all bled like heroes. They died surrounded with fame. Numerous as the screaming sea-fowl, when in airy circles they skim about a fish abandon'd by the tide on the shore, rush'd on the host of Lochlin. Calahan and Dunchuan
were

*) Denmark.

were overpow'rd and bound. Sitric with
ungenerous taunts revil'd the King of Moma.
He sent him chain'd to Blacleigh. —

Bibiona heard his fate. She came and spake
suppliant to Sitric. “King of stormy Gormal,
thou hast wounded my tender breast. Why hast
thou deceiv'd my hopes? Thou hast promis'd
my hand to Calahan. Break not the word of a
king. Load not thy sister with shame. Release
the royal youth. Let him owe his life to my
tears, for he is generous and brave.” “Go to
thy secret halls. Call not in question the acti-
ons of thy King. — If my will decrees his
death he shall bleed. Thy tears shall plead for
him in vain. “Spirit of Loda,” she cry'd.
“thou who scatterest thy terrors thro' night,
and biddest the tempest roar. Thou who turnest
the storm of war, and treadest on the necks of
the mighty, come and avenge an injur'd maid.
Stretch thy spear from thy cloud, and punish
the tyrants crime. Calahan! I hear thy moan.
Soon shalt thou be freed from thy chain. The
flapping wing of death hovers over Sitrics head.
Soon shall he meet the reward of vice. The

yawning wave shall receive thee. The shark shall tear thy corse! Dyfa, *) I feel thy dart: bear me away to my fathers: save me from foul disgrace. Her tender heart burst in twain. Her soul departed in a sigh."

Ye thoughts of years that are past, ye bring no pleasure in your flight; your paths are mark'd with blood. The voice of wasting time speaks to my soul. It says: "Hear the bursting crash of mouldring towers. See the proud summit of yon lofty rock, it braves the storm; it seems to menace the heavens, and wage war against the clouds. Yet this huge pile shall fall. Soon shall it crumble, ponderous, to its base, and lie a mighty ruin. A few days, and thou shalt be no more! — A few years, and all the inhabitants of the earth shall be effac'd. Beauty itself shall be forgotten; and even valor cease to be priz'd! —

Cease dreary voice to torment my soul!
Cease to disturb the peace of the bard!

*) one of the Goddesses of Death amongst the Scandinavians.

L A M O R.

A

P O E M.

The Argument.

Tradition has not handed down this Poem entire. What remains of it seems to be part of a greater work, and consists only of fragments. The rest appears to be entirely lost, and the great pains I have taken to come at any further knowledge of them was fruitless, so far even that I think that all hopes of recovering them are entirely precluded. At first I had some thoughts of suppressing these fragments: but as the composition is full of that simplicity so conspicuous in the celtic bards, I imagin'd they may please the Public. It is not known at what period, or by whom they were written: but the sentiments are grand, and exalted; and the style, and manners painted in them, shew them to be of the remotest antiquity, and the model perhaps of Ossians compositions.

Lamor, King of Semin, (suppos'd to be the modern Ulster) had in his advanc'd age, been depriv'd of his only son Moran, and of his only daughter Sulir, in one of these irruptions, which were so frequent in these days. They were carry'd off by some savage invaders who plunder'd the palace, and transported them to an island near Denmark, where they were shut up in a dungeon. The bard Colmul, who had been led off captive with them, found means to escape, and bring tidings, to the old Chief, of the place of their detention. Lamor immediately arm'd his friends, and hasted to their assistance: but he was overcome, taken prisoner with his bard, and thrown into the same dungeon where his son Moran had been, before, confin'd: whilst Colmul was sent to a separate cave; and to aggravate his misfortune, the barbarous victor previously murder'd young Moran in the presence of his afflicted father, and tore away his beautiful daughter Sulir to gratify his brutal passion." —

These fragments contain the greater part of Lamors lamentation in his prison, but

unfortunately some extremely interesting parts are lost, and there are certainly no more extant than what we have here communicated.

Tradition says that Sulir found means to deliver her father and Colmul, and to help them to make their escape: but the poem does not agree with it in this particular. The Poet concludes with reflexions on the weakness of man. This poem proves that the notions of a supreme Being were as yet pure, and unfully'd, at this early period. —

L A M O R.

A P O E M.

Why reopen the wounds of my heart! Why again renew my tears! The thoughts of Lamor are dreadful to my soul, and yet thou bid'st me sing. Short are our hours of bliss, but long our days of woe. They are like the black shades of autumn, that rush over the gaudy scenes of light, when the watry sun breaks thro a cloud, but suddenly is wrapp'd in mists. —

By Sulirs aid I broke from my den. She bade me find out Lamor. I came to his horrid cave. Waters trickled down its furrow'd sides. Its summit was shagg'd over with moss and thorns. The grey thistle shook there its hoary beard to the wind. The night owl scream'd around his dreary, melancholly song. Through the clefts of the rock I espy'd the Chief. He lay extended on earth. His drooping head reclin'd on his hand. His white long beard was fann'd by the blast. Broken and low was his

voice. I scarcely could hear his weal, so faint were his sounds from his cave." —

"Fly vanish," he said, "ye thoughts of the past. Ye add new horrors to my woe. Dark rugged cave, thou loathsome dwelling of a King, to thee alone can I pour forth my moan! The storm, that howls thro' thy gloomy chinks is less boisterous than the tempest that roars in my breast. The cold damp drops, that ooze thro' thy hoary vaults, are less baneful than my scalding, trickling tears. But rough, and savage as thou art, O den! to thee will I trust my woe. Thy dreary son shall hear it, he will hear it, and repeat my grief.

Here, couch'd on the bare earth, I lie; my limbs are decay'd with sufferance, and age. Few are the thin strew'd hairs of my head. My nerves are slacken'd and weak. My eyes are faded away. Yet Misery, more pungent than age, attends my sorrowful doom. O my Moran! my Moran! O my helpless, innocent, butcher'd son! — But thou art happy my child. Thou art now freed from thy chains. Thou mockest the tyrants rage! — O Sulir, infortunate

maid! thou sharest a harder fate: thou livest a prey to his lust! —

Plenty once blest'd my halls. The stranger came welcome to my feast, and the traveller was ever invited to my board. No orphan curs'd me for the loss of a father. No mother reproach'd me for the death of her son. No virgins sigh upbraided my lust. My heart was mild as the shower in spring, when it strews life and health on the plains of Semin, when the breeze of the north is fled from the plain, and the young flower raises its lovely head to heaven. —

The sun rose flaming over the tops of Gomra. The frosted trees shew'd their hoary heads thro' the wreathy mist. The stream of the hill ceas'd to murmur. The northern blast had seiz'd it as it pass'd, and hemm'd its liquid course. This scene delighted my soul. I went to my usual haunt. Young Moran attended my steps. We arriv'd at the summit of Gomra. Happiness and joy smil'd over the silver'd plains of Semin. High towering to the blue heavens rose in white spiry folds the smoke of my halls.

My heart rejoic'd at the sight, and pleasure was
diffus'd along my frame. But sudden from the
north I spy'd the flashing gleam of arms * * *
* * * * Wounded, and in blood I lay. Cleft
near me roll'd my shield. My sword was
broken in twain. I open'd my swimming eyes.
I saw my slaughter'd friends lie breathless by
my side. My son, my bard, my daughter, were
torn from my aching heart. I strove in vain to
rise. At length some chiefs arriv'd. They bore
me to my regal seat. Alas! it was stain'd with
my peoples blood. — Ah! shall I see ye no
more," I cry'd, "ye gentle children of my
love. Ye have mounted, on the wings of winds,
to the airy mansions of my fathers." "They
are not departed," the chiefs reply'd, "the
foe has borne them away, and Colmul is bound
in thongs." —

Soon as my wounds were heal'd, I summon'd
my chiefs to arms. I sent a bard with a bloody
spear, and a banner ting'd in blood. I bade
him shake it in the winds, and rear aloud the
cry of war. My heroes heard his mighty voice.
They heard it, and obey'd. — They rush'd

down like storms from their hills, like torrents in the strength of their course, each in the force of his might. —

We plough'd with many sails thro' the foaming waves of the north.

Rough, and deform'd to our sight, appear'd at length the icy land of Murkur. Unauspicious thunder roar'd. Thro' fleet, and showers of hail flew glaring flashes of light. My heroes were struck with awe. But I despis'd the dreadful signs. When justice, I said, bids a warrior draw his sword, his best sign is the lightning of his blade. It flashes terror into the souls of the foe.

I bade Colmul advance, and call the barbarous chief to fight. Grimly he smil'd at the words of the bard. — “I will meet thy King,” he reply'd, “I will meet him with the strength of my thousands. He shall be roll'd away by my might, like snow, which caught by the strength of my winds, impetuously tumbles down my rocks, and bears them away in its fall. Tell him that Murkurs soul is steel. See the rough point of yonder rock. It looks

threatning to the shore, and bleakwing'd storms
 invade it in vain. In the circles of its ice
 cover'd stones is the dwelling of ghosts, the
 ghosts of those I have slain. There Udan snuffs
 with sullen joy the smoke of the blood of
 strangers. There Morans blood shall stream.
 There he shall fall by this hand; trembling he
 shall fall like a fawn, whom the hunter, regard-
 less of his dams big tear, has fell'd with his
 dart to earth. But his daughter Sulir shall live.
 She is a beam of light to my soul, nor shall a
 foreign cloud invade the brightness of its ray.
 I alone will enjoy the lovely beam. Go bard of
 the little soul: Go thou dark son of flight, go
 bear these tidings to thy King * * * *

* * * * *

* * * Hard bound, in thongs I lay, in Udans
 dreary mound. Thro, the rushing, dusky clouds,
 peep'd out at times the moons wan face. Red
 twinkling stars at times appear'd, and twixt
 the jagged stones, I heard shrill shrieks, and
 groans of ghosts. Bending, near the stone of
 Power *) stood the barbarous Murkur.

*) a Divinity of the ancient Scandinavians, worship'd

Muttering he spoke, and mix'd his dismal voice with Udans hollow roar. Sudden he drew his blade. Thrice he whirl'd it round his head; then bade the song of death be rais'd. — Sounds of woe — doleful wails — mournful strains of dire portent rung thro' the dismal place. A horrid silence follow'd. —

At length appear'd a ghastly band, lading my son in chains. Ah! gentle youth of my love, thy fate still tears my wretched heart. Fain woudst thou speak to thy father. I strove to fly to thy aid. Vain were our weak attempts: fruitless our mutual cries! — Murkur seiz'd his fair long locks. He drag'd him to the shelving stone *) of death, and foaming with savage rage, thus yell'd. —

“Udan receive this youthful blood. Thou

under the form of a stone, without any particular shape or likeness to any creature: it is said these stones emitted a certain mournful tone in the time of their sacrifices.

*) These shelving stones were so plac'd, for the facility of sacrificing victims on them, and were held to be a kind of Divinity by the Scandinavians.

gavest conquest to this sword. Grateful it owes thee this gore! —

“Monster shed mine,” I cry’d, “thy heroes bled by my lance; but Moran is blameless of their wounds: My son has done thee no wrong.” —

Heedless of my cries he flew the youth,
and approach’d to shed my blood; When lo! a
female form, with dreadful shrieks, with long
deshevell’d hair, and flying steps, rush’d betwixt
his sword, and me. She seiz’d me in her tremb-
ling arms. It was my daughter Sulir * * *

* * * * *

* * * * * Here, in this cave of woe, must I
waste out my wretched life! — Thrice happy
was thy fate, o Moran! thou diedst in the
prime of thy years. Thou didst not feel the woes
of age! — But shame pursues thee, o Sulir!
Thou livest, a stain to my race. Ah me! * *

* * * * *

Sighs, sobs, and broken groans ensued. I burst
the bars of his cave, and stood before the chief.

“Who art thou,” said he, “that breaks

thro my night. Comest thou a messenger of death by bloody Murkur sent?" —

"I am not a foe," I reply'd, "I am Colmul thy bard, and am come to free thee from thy cave. Sulir deliver'd me from my chains, and bade me rescue her father. She awaits thee with a ship on the shore. Come, hasten thy steps, o Lamor! the beams of day are near" —

No! never will I see that stain of my race. This cave shall hide my shame. —"

"Thy daughter is pure as the sun," I said, "she is chaste as the moons cold beam. Murkur, aw'd by the power of her charms, dar'd not defile the maid. He respected the grief of her soul and woo'd her with patient love.

Haste then o chief from this hateful cave! Come fly to thy Sulirs aid. —"

He stretch'd forth his aged hands. I rais'd the King from earth. — He attempted to speak; but his voice no utterance found — A tear stole trickling down his cheek, and fell on his snowy beard. A sigh broke heaving from his breast — He sunk faint into my arms.

“Colmul,” he said, “my end is come. I feel the piercing shafts of death; but bliss attends my close of life. I depart to my fathers with joy. — Conduct my daughter to Semin. She shall shine like the lucid star of eve amongst the maids of Erin. They shall praise the daughter of Lamor, and shed a tear on her grave. He ceas’d — His soul departed to the winds — ” Peace to thy shade, o Lamor! Thy name shall be honor’d in song. Thou wast great amongst the sons of the mighty. Thy soul was mild as the ray of the sun, when after a shower it calls forth the green leaves of the grove, and softens the rough boughs of the mountain oak to birth. I heard a noise. I thought on Sulir — It was but a blast of wind, or a night owl dreary scream — I hastened to the shore. — “Where is my father,” said Sulir, where is the aged chief? — “My tears, my sighs broke forth * * * * * But why wilt thou hear the song of woe! Why renew my grief! —

The days of former years grow dim on my soul. Thy fade away on my mind. What are the deeds of the sons of men? They pass away

like the shades of the west, when they fleet over the plains of Semin, and leave no trace behind them. Child of the winged years, why art thou vain of thy power? To day thou gloriest in the pride of thy strength; to morrow thou shalt dwell in the narrow house: the terror of thy arm shall be forgotten, and even the stone of thy praise shall be lost! —

But thou strong Spirit of heaven. Thou alone shalt never fail. Thy glory shall know no decay. Thy power have no end. —

What is man before thee, o thou mighty Being! — Who can stand before thy face? Endless thou dwellest alone — Who can assign the place of thy abode? — Thy breath is life. The skies, the earth, the stormy sea, proclaim the greatness of thy sway. They are the children of thy will. Thou speakest, and the proud mountain crumbles to the earth. Thou marchest forth in the strength of thy force, and the heavens sink beneath the tread of thy feet. Thunders roll thy words along. Thou biddest the whirlwind, “Roar.” The ocean shrinks. The whole earth trembles. — Thou biddest the
tempest.

tempest. "Cease," and all is hush'd in quiet. —
Thou givest light to the sun, and biddest him,
"Warm the earth, and bring forth the day.
Thou biddest the wandering moon, "reimplace
his beams by night," and the twinkling stars,
"bestud, and gild the blue vault of heaven." —
They obey. — But thou weak son of the
winged years, whence flows the source of thy
pride? Why art thou vain of thy power! —

L A R N U L
O R
THE SONG OF DESPAIR.

The Argument.

T radition says that Larnul was bethrothed to the fair Afala; and that this lady, soon after fell in love with Allar, who not corresponding to her passion, became the object of her resentment. In consequence, she inflam'd Larnul with jealousy, and forc'd him to kill his friend. It is thought that immediately after this deed, he laid violent hands on himself — This Poem paints in very strong colours the dreadful effects of despair.

L A R N U L
OR THE SONG OF DESPAIR.

Dark grey clouds roll over the hill. Blustry winds squall thro' the mountain oaks. The foaming torrent rushes down the rocky clift. The dreary night owl screams in the solitary retreat of his mouldering ivy cover'd tower. All is tremendous, dreadful, portentous, around me. —

The forky blaze of lightning shews visibly to my aching eyes the dark ghosts of angry heroes. They peep out of their dusky vaporous meteors, and seem to menace me with their airy swords. They reject me, and shake terrific their plumes of mist. All nature is consonant to the horrors of my mind; to the torturing situation of my lab'ring soul. Darknefs hear the accents of my despair! hear the voice of suffering Larnul! Hear it too, my soul! it is the greatest torture thou canst feel! —

Allar loveliest youth of Salem, was the secret joy of my soul: our pleasures, and our

pains were mutual: we learn'd together to draw the bow at Murri *) together we learn'd to throw the spear at Gafer: **) together we fought the foes of Erin: our swords were often bathed in the blood of Lochlin. With me he shar'd each danger. With me he sail'd to Ithro to gain the honor of the spear. I fought the strong nerv'd Corlo, and a quarrel arose. I defy'd the chief to mortal combat. We met the warrior on the plain of Sonal. An arrow pierc'd my side, and I fell to earth. Allar rais'd his shield before me. Rage flash'd from his red rolling eye. He slew the mighty chief, and bore me safe to my high masted ship: but he was wounded in my defence, and blood stream'd from his bosom to save my days. Ah me! I have repaid his love with base hatred. He sav'd my life, and I shed his blood! —

Fair, cruel Afala, why didst thou bid me slay the youth? I long rejected thy words:

*) a place in Ireland where military exercises, where learnt in ancient times.

**) an other place where young warriors resorted, but less known than the former one.

long resisted the deceitful accents of thy voice:
but at length inflam'd with thy love, I listen'd
to the pernicious sounds of thy delusive tongue,
and the bane of passion tainted my weak soul.
I went and insulted the youth. I defy'd my
Allar to arms, basely I injur'd my friend! —

“Larnul,” he said, “I will not fight thee,
I cannot spill the blood of my friend. But if
you desire my life, plunge here thy blade.”
He then bar'd his lovely breast, and said with
the voice of love. “Son of Armin pierce this
aching heart. Life is no more dear to Allar,
since Larnul wishes his death.

A burning tear burst from my red rolling
eye: my heart beat strong against my breast;
the love of the youth still lurk'd in my bosom:
but the thoughts of Afala rush'd across my soul,
and I stain'd my blade in his blood. —

Falling he reach'd his hand. Stretch'd on
earth, he had me, “farewell.” — With a
broken, feeble voice he desir'd I woud love him
still: he pray'd me to raise his tomb, “Larnul,”
he said, “I forgive thee this error of love but

fly the cruel Afala, her looks are poison to thy soul: he reach'd me his hand again, and his valorous soul departed in a sigh. —

Thou fittest, Allar! at present, amongst the mighty ghosts of our fathers: they assemble about thee, and ask: “who committed the dreadful deed?” I will go, and answer the question, and shew them my bloody steel. This hand, which laid thee low, shall now avenge thy wrongs.”

He drew his blood stain'd blade: he sunk it deep into his heart; then rolling in his blood, he cry'd. “Now Allar forgive thy friend.”

Hoarse croak'd the raven from the neighbouring rock. The whistling wind rush'd again thro' the groaning oaks. Loud thunder roar'd. All nature seem'd convulsive. Tremendous silence ensued, and dreary darkness cover'd the plains. —

THE
DEATH OF ASALA.
A
POEM.

The Argument.

Note.) I thought to suppress the following Poem on account of the gloominess of the subject: but I shall give it to the Public, as I rate the opinion of many learned friends, whom I have consulted, beyond my private sentiment. —

Osian addresses this Poem to Malvina. The distress, sufferings, and death of Asala, are pathetically describ'd. It seems to have been calculated to shew the fatal consequences attending unlawful passions.

THE DEATH OF ASALA.

A P O E M.

Why rushes the remembrance of past times
over my soul! Maid of Lutha my heart is
troubled and sad. I hear the dreary call of years.
They whisper to my ear, "Ossian thy end is
near. The mist that shall cover thy tomb is
now gathering in the vale of Cona. Soon shall
it be roll'd over the grey stones of thy praise."
"Roll it on ye dreary years! I wait the day
with joy."

Malvina, thou solace of my sinking age,
thou wishest to hear the song of Asala. Then
listen to the voice of Cona; it has often assuag'd
thy grief for Oscar. —

The night was dark. The wind blew high.
The distant torrent roar'd. The hollow scream
of death reach'd the ear of Asala. Her dogs
howl'd dreadful in their lonely kennels. The
arms of her fathers rung on the walls. Through
the strings of her harp rush'd the dreary voice

of woe. Bodings of misfortune rose in her soul.
Terrify'd she started from sleep.

To her staring eye appear'd the fullen ghost
of Larnul. Dark was his face. His hands were
cover'd with clotted blood. Gaping, and livid
was the wound of his breast. Awful he seem'd
to beckon: with menacing gesture, with
waving hand, he commanded her to follow
him.

Strong beat her heart. Her bosom was
oppress'd. Her knees shiver'd as she rose.
Conscious guilt shook her whole frame. Tho-
ugh reluctant, and dismay'd, she obey'd, and
rush'd thro' darkness. The ghost stalk'd tre-
mendous before her.

The unfrequent blast rush'd thro' her floating,
deshevell'd hair. Her looks were disorder'd.
Her once lovely face was pale, and disfigur'd.
She pass'd over the silent heath. She wander'd
thro' the wood. She descended the steep of the
hill; at length she reach'd the gloomy vale. A
passing meteor then gleam'd thro' the shades,
and flew'd the corse of self murder'd Larnul.

His features were contorted, and convulsive,
His hands were stain'd with gore.

Sudden she stop'd — a cold shivering tremor
ran over her frame. Then spake terrific the angry
ghost of Larnul.

THE GHOST.

“Here lies my corse, Afala! See the
wound of my breast! Tremble, and view
my blood!” —

It said, and vanish'd in air. Silent,
unresolv'd, awhile she remain'd. Her words
found no utterance; inward passion tore her
breast. As the sulphurous vapor, when confin'd
in the bowels of Malmor, shatters the moun-
tains rugged sides, and shakes its waving woods;
the lab'ring mountain groans: and presages
ensuing ruin. So stood the suffering Afala.

A S A L A.

“Larnul, I see the gaping wound of thy
breast, and shall follow thee to the airy halls
of Loda: but raise a cloud between me and
Allar. I cannot support the anguish of his sight.
Come, and assist me ye terrors of night! I

cannot bear up against the suffering of my soul." —

Desperate she approach'd the corse, and drew the bloody sword of Larnul from his breast. She leant the pommel on earth, and threw herself on its point. In all her blood she fell; and her troubled soul flew to the howling winds. —

The hunters bore away their remains, and laid them in the cave of the rock. Dreary thorns cover the place. The grey thistle shakes there its grey beard in the breeze, and the whistling blast of night rushes through the rank grass of their graves.

The traveller avoids to rest near their gloomy tombs, and shuns the melancholly vale. —

M A T I N S O N G

O F T H E

B A R D D L O R A H.

*Sung on a high mountain, from whose top there
was a vast prospect on one side to the sea,
on the other to the land.*

All Nature listen to my song! Creation
praise thy Lord! "Immensify thou offerest thy
self in all thy terrible greatness to my soul.
Unbounded sea, thou raisest thy tremendous,
foaming billows before me. Thy wild roar
causes terror, and proclaims thy irresistible
strength. Ye blue heavens, ye are stretch'd in
unmeasurable distance above me. The eye is
fatigu'd in observing your height. Numberless
clouds roll their huge forms along. The howl-
ing winds drive them impetuous thro' the wide
extent of space.

I see thee, o sun! thou rearest aloft thy
unhorn head in the pride of thy fiery beams.
Thou rushest forth, like a Giant, strong and

mighty from the depths of ocean. Ineffable glory precedes thy steps. The heavens witness the greatness of thy power. Earth owns the beneficence of thy genial heat. But what art thou unbounded ocean! What are ye, ye blue heavens! What art thou, o flaming sun! When compar'd to the most High!

Ye are but the effect of his will. He bade ye be, and ye were. — Nor did his creating hand want matter. He form'd ye all out of nothing. Who can comprehend Infinitude? Who conceive Allmightiness? — Creator, and Lord, what is man before thy sight! Ignorance darkens his thoughts, weakness attends on his ways, Imperfection is stamp'd on his being. The rankling tooth of time gnaws away the strong seeming structure of his form. To day, a stately pine, he waves his proud head in the clouds, and rears his towering head to heaven; boasting, and exulting in his youth, he crys, “who is like me on the hill? But to morrow he is no more. The storm came, and strew'd his proud trunk on earth; abject, and low he lies, doom'd to moulder and decay. — The

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aces of men glide away, like shades over the plains, and leave no trace behind them. —

But thou, o Lord! thou knowest no end. Eternity, Allmightiness, Glory, Goodness, and Wisdom are only rays of thy Being. But how can I weak man attempt to sing of thee! My intellects are lost in the contemplation of thy perfection, my strength sinks under the mighty burden of description; my willing, yet faltering tongue is too weak, is insufficient to praise the greatness, the power, and glory of the Lord.

But o father, and Lord, thou rejectest not the good will of thy servant. Thou despisest not the attempt of the bard: thou impresseth strength on his lays, thou writest his song in the book of life, and spreadest joy, and bliss, and comfort o'er his soul.

God of mercy! let me melt away in thy love. At the early beam of morn, in the exultation of my heart; in the full acknowledgment of my soul, I'll raise the song of thy praise; in the shades of night, my grateful tongue shall

sing thy goodness. Man! praise the Lord in the gay hour of thy bliss. Praise him, o Man! in the trying hour of thy woe. Then shall he be unto thee a brazen shield, a tower of force against thy foes; for the Lord rejects not the sighs of the feeble, and the cry of the oppressed reaches his ear.

All nature listen to my song! Creation, praise the Lord. —

O Earth! I see thy vaporous odors mount towards heaven. They rise in pleasing, circular folds to the skies. From the minutest moss to the loftiest cedar, from the most imperceptible insect, to the unwieldy elephant, from the smallest dweller of ocean, to the enormous whale, all animal, vegetable, and mineral creation, witness the power, and glory, and wisdom, and goodness of the Lord — Eternal mercy flows from his throne; and love, and benignity, and kindness, stream from his Being. —

Ecstatic music strikes my ear. It is the general jubilation of nature, proclaiming with many thousand fold voices, the praise of God —

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Ah, how pleasing, how ravishing is this music to the soul of the bard. O nature! in the transports of my joy, I will join my voice to thine: I will mix my feeble notes with thy melodious hymns to praise the most High.

Glory, honor, veneration, thanksgiving, and praise be unto thee, o God! now, and beyond the end of time, as long as eternity shall last! —

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